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ALONZO S. WEED,

Publishing Agent,

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MY HARVEST.

BY MYRA GOODWIN.

[The following lines, written by a daughter of Rev. T. A. Goodwin, of Indianapolis, Indiana, now a patient in the Cleveland Water Cure, will doubtless be read with interest by many other suffering ones:—]

Often think I of the harvest,
Lying ripening in the sun—
Of the work that for the Master
His reapers must be done—
Of the hearts that, faint and weary,
Know not of the Saviour's love,
Know not of the heavenly mansions
In our Father's home above.

And sometimes my heart grows weary,
As alone in pain I lie,
Doing nothing for the Master,
While the summer's passing by;
Only listening to the echoes
Of the busy, hurrying feet;
Only thinking of the reapers,
Toiling on in storm and heat.

Then I seem to hear a whisper,
Like sweet music, soft and low:
"Child, thy Father hears thee pleading;
All thy longings He doth know;
Yet thy seed time must be suffering;
In thy heart thy work must be;
Thou must take the work of trusting;
Thou must leave all else to Me.

"I would have thy harvest patience;
Waiting I would teach to thee;
Faith and love must be thy lesson
Thou must come and learn of Me.
Do not faint, and do not murmur
That thy work cannot be more,
Thy reward the Father's keeping,
Till the harvest here is o'er."

So I'll try to make my harvest
Patience, faith and trusting love,
Knowing that my loving Master
Sends my work from heaven above;
Knowing when amongst the reapers
He of my poor help hath need,
He will give me strength to labor;
He my footsteps then will lead.

ZION'S HERALD

BALANCE OF THE YEAR FREE

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On the receipt of \$2.50 for the paper, and 20 cents additional for postage, the subscriber will be credited to January 1, 1877.

We wish most earnestly to appeal to every Methodist minister to make the offer known to his people at once.

Do not, brethren, allow the matter to be delayed.

There is not, probably, a Church in New England where there could not be obtained many new subscribers by a little special effort.

Also, bear in mind that the interests of the paper are largely in your hands. We send out no special agents, and if you fail to give it your attention it is entirely neglected.

Be kind enough to announce our offer to your congregations without delay.

Also, make arrangements for canvassing the Church and Society. If it is not possible for you to give it your personal attention, select some suitable person to do so.

We sincerely hope that every preacher will call the attention of his people to this subject, and urge upon those who do not take Zion's Herald the importance of doing so.

And let every reader of the paper recommend it to his neighbor who may not be a subscriber.

Persons wishing to subscribe, and not finding it convenient to pay now, can forward their names immediately (that they may have the full benefit of our offer), and send the money between this and January 1st.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. J. M. THORNBURN.

MR. EDITOR:—I have felt impelled, I trust by the Spirit, to proffer your readers a contribution upon this important subject. In doing so I wish merely to confine myself to certain phases of my own experience, believing, as I firmly do, that the truth in relation to this and all kindred subjects is most easily reached by collating and comparing the various spiritual experiences of individual believers, care being taken to bring all to the touchstone of God's Word, and being also firmly persuaded that all purely objective discussion of such a subject must necessarily be almost, if not altogether fruitless.

In my own Christian life, extending over a period of twenty years, I have noted two distinct phases, to which I do not object to apply the words *higher* and *lower*, although I should prefer to adhere to Scriptural terms. Let me speak first of

THE LOWER LIFE.

1. When converted, I found peace with God, the witness of the Spirit to my adoption. But it did not prove an abiding peace. It did not "keep" my heart. Very often a sense of condemnation would steal over the heart, and in prayer the first effort often was to seek for lost peace, to get back again into the soul the evidence of adoption. Nearly every prayer was largely made up of confession of sin, and earnest entreaties for forgiveness; and, although the forgiveness was not sought in vain, it was but too often followed by a sense of condemnation coming like a cloud over the soul.

2. In the struggle which frequently took place in the heart, between the "flesh" and the Spirit, the victory was too often on the wrong side. The contest described in the seventh chapter of Romans, in some of its phases at least, at times seemed transferred to my heart, and the "flesh" too often came off victorious.

3. I was almost constantly oppressed by a painful conviction of my shortcomings in God's service, never feeling that the whole heart was enlisted in my Master's work, and too often feeling like an unfaithful servant rather than like a weak but willing child.

4. In like manner a painful sense of deficiency was constantly felt in connection with the inner life. The fruits of the Spirit, though not absolutely wanting, did not "abound," and did not satisfy the cravings of the soul up to that full measure which is so clearly indicated in God's Word.

5. In short, my Christian life was, in many respects, very unsatisfactory. It did not come up to the New Testament standard, and it certainly came very far short of that ideal which the Spirit ever prompted me to seek after. I knew well what it was to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," but I very rarely could say that I knew by personal experience what it was to be "filled." Such was my own experience, and such I have reason to believe is the experience of vast numbers, though not all, of Christian believers after their conversion.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

In marked distinction, I might almost say contrast from this spiritual state, I have known a better and more satisfactory life, apprehended less clearly and held less continuously in my case than seems to be the rule with others, and yet apprehended clearly enough to make the distinction a very marked one. I may add that it has been more clearly and fully realized of late than ever before, and what I now write is the expression of a present spiritual experience.

1. In this higher life there is an absence, a total absence of the sense of condemnation which so often alloys the peace of believers. "There is, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." As I read these words I find in them not only the expression of a judicial relation, but of a realized experience. In approaching God in prayer the heart is not prompted to go over and over again the same beaten path of repentance and faith for pardon, but forgiveness is fully realized all day long. Confession finds ample place in prayer, but the distinction between guilt and unworthiness seems to keep itself clearly in view, and day after day the soul sweetly rests in the assurance that it is delivered from all condemnation.

2. In this higher life the victory over sin is uniform. Indeed, the contest itself does not take place, as above described, but the enemy seems to be driven from the field. Conflicts there are, but not painful conflicts with indwelling sin. As to the abstract question, whether sin has ceased to have even a potential existence in the soul, I do not feel disposed to discuss it, but confining myself strictly to the practical facts of personal experience, I wish to say that I now understand, in a way which formerly I was unable to com-

prehend, what Paul meant when he talked about being "dead to sin." No words could more aptly express my changed feelings.

3. I have frequently heard it said that with this constant victory over sin comes a clearer sense of the believer's inward depravity, or "vileness," as it was termed by a recent writer in the *Witness*. I cannot say that I find this true in my own case, and yet I think I understand the feeling of those who use such language. It is sometimes said to me, "you must consider yourself so holy that you have no further need of the atonement." As I attempt a reply to such a remark the instinctive feeling of the heart is to sink down into the very dust. The "sense of sin," which is sometimes said to be inseparable from human consciousness, is not absent, and yet it is strangely changed. With Paul, I can ever rank myself with the chief of sinners, dependent every moment upon a present Saviour, and yet while knowing perfectly that I am only saved from sin by dwelling in Christ, I find nothing in this knowledge to disturb my peace. Formerly this "sense of sin" was painful to me; now it is not. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain." "By His stripes we are healed." I cannot express in words the sweet peace and security in which the soul rests.

4. I find a very marked change in my faith as compared with other days. I seem to believe without effort, the "heart of unbelief" having given way to a believing heart. It is very true I often have to pray for an increase of faith, and often have petitions suggested by the Spirit at which my faith staggers, but it does not rebel. Be it never so weak, it is loyal. Formerly I contended against not only this same weakness, but also against a different element, the "unbelief" so strongly condemned in Scripture. This latter feeling always brought with it condemnation, and always was a source of pain and unhappiness. The faith now experienced is a source of unflinching quietness of spirit, and hence I have a liking for the name given by some to this higher life—the *rest of faith*.

5. I shall mention but one more mark of this life. The Holy Spirit is much more consciously present than formerly. I read with a new interest the precious promises concerning the Comforter, and realize their fulfillment in my heart to a wonderful degree. For days at a time I seem to "walk in the Spirit," being "filled with the Spirit," and "strengthened with might by the Spirit." At other times the inward manifestation of the Spirit's presence may be less vividly realized, but the personal presence of the Comforter is never withdrawn. I say *personal* presence, for in my earlier Christian life I had a very dim conception of the personality of the Holy Ghost. I believed in Him, believed in the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity, but seemed to know in my own experience only the Father and the Son. It is strangely different now. My heart responds with a new thrill to the words, "the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you." Had I never before heard of the dogma of the Trinity, I do not know in what words I would now speak of the God I have found, but this experience has most vividly revealed Him to me as the Creator-Father, the Saviour-Brother, and the Spirit-Comforter.

To sum up all, I now find a completeness in Christ which truly is a satisfying portion. Every day I realize the fulfillment of the promise that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be *filled*. The heart no longer seems to have dreary vacuums within itself, but rests in quiet, peace and content. I seem to know less of temptation, but to be more constantly aware of the presence of the tempter, and it seems strangely easy to drive the foul fiend away. I cannot but regard him as a conquered foe; and while the personal presence of an evil spirit seems in some strange way to be spiritually apprehended by me very much more clearly than formerly, his power for evil seems vastly more restricted. Christ has overcome the world, cast down Satan, received "power" in earth and heaven, and can abundantly supply all our wants. Trusting Him for all, I find in Him my "all in all," and can adopt without reservation the following beautiful and expressive lines:—

"Lord Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
And I have died in Thee.
Thou'rt risen; my bonds are all untied,
And now Thou livest in me.
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me."

STRATFORD ON AVON.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

Avon, so they say, is the Celtic, or Welsh, for river; and hence Avon is the river, and Stratford is the town upon its banks. It is a quiet country town, with not much to interest a stranger, except that, a good while ago, one William Shakespeare was born in this house, modest and unpretending, on

this narrow street. Coming from Birmingham, one finds himself at the station, which is at one side of the place; and so, to economise the time, it is best to begin with a visit to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, which is off in a little hamlet, a mile or more away from the town. You need not go by the highway, for a foot-path leads from the town out to the little rural neighborhood. It is probably the same way that William went when he paid his visits to his beloved Anne, and perhaps many more who have gone out of the town to the village for the same purpose. And then it is the way that tourists usually take when they go on the great mission of seeing the house where one rustic lived who was courted by another.

The walk is possessed of no special interest, and reaching first the straggling houses of the hamlet, you make your way along the narrow street, and then, crossing a little brook, and turning to the right, you come in due time to the cottage, on the left hand side of the road. A clever old lady shows you about, proud that she has some of the Hathaway blood in her veins, though she is the last of the family. It is a little one-story cottage, with a garret. The big room where the courtyard was done, and the great fire-place, eight feet across, where the fire used to blaze and glow while the young lovers sat on the bench in the corner, all remain as they were at the beginning; at least, so you are told. It is easy enough to believe they have been there for a good while, for they bear the marks of extreme age. Up stairs is the grand sleeping-room, with an old bed and a few mementoes of inferior value, which are preserved with pious care; and to this place, with these few attractions, hundreds and thousands of pilgrims make their way every year, stand about with open mouths and attentive ears, and listen to the gossip of the old lady who has the place in charge.

It is as far back to the town as out, and perhaps a little further, as we bear away to the right, in order to visit the church where Shakespeare is buried, and where his bones rest in quietness, undisturbed by any pageants or honors paid to his illustrious name. It is a lovely spot where the church stands, in the center of the old graveyard which surrounds it on every side. Above the sleepers of many generations the tall trees keep watch and ward, and with a grateful recognition of the toil they have planted and tended them in their youth. Just back of the church, and close to it, flows the Avon, a softly-gliding and beautiful river, adding much to the loveliness of the scene. From the church we pass to the school of Shakespeare, and then to the site of the house which he built on his return from his residence in London. But nothing of the house remains, except a few ruins, in the way of foundation stones, and such like imperishable materials. One or two places near by have collections of Shakespearean curiosities, some of which are probably authentic, and more of exceedingly doubtful character.

Going in a little, turning to the left, and passing a few rods, we come to the house where Shakespeare was born. The house is still in a good state of preservation, and is jealously guarded by an aged matron, whose vigilance is all that could be required. Entering the first room on the ground floor, which was for many years used as a butcher's shop, we sit down by the side of the old fire-place to rest a bit, and while there we engage in conversation with the dame who has the house in charge. By chance we happened to express the opinion that, after all, Shakespeare never wrote the plays that have been attributed to him. Innocently done, but it was like dropping a spark into a powder-keg. The woman exploded instantly. Her tall form grew taller; her thin lips quivered; her pale blue eyes were like fire; and with a gesture of her bony hand, that was meant to be impressive, she asked if I intended to express the opinion that William Shakespeare never wrote his plays; and, in spite of serious apprehensions as to what might happen, we ventured to remark that that was an opinion we had held for some time.

"Well," said she, "I want to tell you that it is perfectly absurd and foolish! It is outrageous to have such an opinion! And then, to express it in this very house, it is—it is—it is terribly outrageous!"

And she finished up the sentence with a snap of her tongue like the crack of a whip. Being comfortably seated, it seemed not a bad thing to prolong the discussion, and so we remarked, as mildly as possible,

"But, my good woman, you must know that a large number of people think as I do about this matter, and with very good reason."

"I don't care what a good many people say or think," said she; "I tell you that Shakespeare wrote his plays; and it's outrageous to say that he did not. There, now! And it's absurd and

foolish to think that he did not! There, now!"

And there was a manifestation of wrath that was wonderful to contemplate.

"But," said we, "it is more absurd and foolish to say that he did than that he did not; and the mere saying of the thing, one way or the other, will not settle the matter. We must examine the facts in the case."

About this time her fist was doubled up, and, with a stamp of her foot, and shaking her fist with a genuine feminine emphasis, she informed us that if we had come to see the house we had better see it quick; and if not, we had better leave; for as to hearing such talk, in the house of Shakespeare, she never would! But we were in no hurry, and proceeded to enlarge upon some of the points, until her wrath was unappeasable, and then we went about the work of mollification; and, after a rather elaborate and roundabout attempt, we succeeded in bringing her about to a calmer, but not a particularly heavenly state of mind. She then showed us about the establishment, but kept a good look-out, evidently believing that no sort of property would be safe when such Vandalism as unbelief in the authenticity of Shakespeare's works could be entertained.

The house has a half-dozen rooms, arranged in a rambling way, and contains various mementoes of Shakespeare, in some way connected with his life at Stratford or at London. The whole business of the birth-place and mementoes is contemptible, to the last degree. Here is a man, whom the great majority of people suppose wrote the most remarkable poetical productions which are to be found in the English language, if not in the universal literature of the world; and yet, up to this hour, he has never had any memorial commensurate with such fame. But, instead of that, we have his humble tombstone in the parish church, for seeing which you will be expected to pay the clerk a shilling; then there is the Hathaway cottage, where you will pay a sixpence or shilling for seeing a few old traps; then there are two or three persons, who have collections of original, genuine, Simon-pure souvenirs of the great poet, which they will each exhibit for a shilling; and, last of all, there is the birth-place, which has a museum attached, with a charge for each; so that, by the time you have seen all these dribbles, most of which are clear rubbish, you will have spent from one to two dollars—say a dollar and a half, as an average sum. It is very strange that believers in the greatness of this man do not erect a suitable building near the birth place, and collect and arrange these various mementoes, and then put them in charge of a suitable custodian. This idea of speculation by private individuals in these curiosities is ridiculous, not to say disgusting; and the whole business, as now managed, is well calculated to excite the disgust of all sensible people. But then, people who do not believe in the Shakespeare authorship ought not to find fault with these things; and, if they do not like things as they are, they can stay away. Very well, that is just what we propose to do, and what would be a sensible thing for a good many others to do. In fact, this making pilgrimages to the places where the great men of the world were born is about as unremunerative as any kind of traveling one can undertake. The seeing of an old house, or an old bedstead, or table, or chair, or even a collection of them, will only satisfy a very shallow mind. The look for a single hour upon some grand scene in nature is worth more than all the good that can be gained from forty of these dusty old homesteads of departed greatness.

WANDERINGS IN VACATION.

BY REV. GEO. W. WOODRUFF, D. D.

WESTERN PREACHERS ON CHURCH REFORMS.

Two thousand miles' travel in my vacation of a month gave me a good chance to hear Methodist preachers talk about the next General Conference, and the changes demanded in our ecclesiastical policy; and these conversations were so decided, for the most part, that I am inclined to think that our genuine and sprightly Bishop Haven misinterpreted the drift of things when he intimated lately, in one of his masterly letters that, after all, there would be no changes—that it would be all talk—and that, though a hundred things would be proposed, none of them would come to anything. Our Church plans are generally quite satisfactory to our ministers and people, but there is no doubt that the pressure upon the Baltimore General Conference in May next will be positive enough to bring about some important alterations.

The Presiding Elder question, which has attracted the attention of the thoughtful in the Church now for fifty

years, will be thoroughly discussed, and if the great West has its way in the councils of the Church, as it generally does, the Presiding Elders will be elected by the Conferences, and will be invested with the power to vote in the cabinet of the Bishop. I am not certain whether this change will be more protective to the preachers than the old way of absolute Episcopal appointment. I think it not impossible that in the working of the new plan the ministers may be sometimes reminded of the old Puritan pastor who once complained to his congregation that he had fled from Old England to escape the tyranny of one Bishop, only to find himself under the tyranny of a hundred. In the experience and observation of more than a quarter of a century in the Methodist ministry I have never known a single instance where the appointing power was abused by our Bishops. It would seem almost impossible that it could be abused; but still I am pretty confident that the Church has come to an unfavorable determination to divide this responsibility, and that at the next General Conference the change will be made. It is felt, quite generally throughout the Church, that the election of the Presiding Elders by the Conferences will secure brethren for that office more thoroughly qualified to do generous and useful service. Conferences can more easily rid themselves of importunate aspirants and feeble incumbents than the Bishop can, and especially is this so when the unsuitable Presiding Elder is already in his office. It is not an uncommon thing for a Conference to be obliged to endure certain Presiding Elders for years together because loving and sympathizing Bishops hesitate to make unpleasant changes if they can be at all avoided.

This election of the Presiding Elders by the Conferences seems necessarily to carry the idea of investing them with real authority as to the appointments of the preachers. Such investment of authority would instantly lift the office into the respect of our ministers and people. As the office is now constituted, nobody cares anything for the Presiding Elder, as such. If he be a generous, noble-hearted and loving man, and a fair, common-sense, winning preacher, of course his quarterly visits are hailed with interest, both in the families and pulpits of his District. But his office does nothing for him. Put genuine authority in the office, and discreet and powerful men, all through our denomination, would consent to accept its service, and would become ministers of large influence from the hour of their election, just as our Bishops become great preachers and men of large influence on their being chosen to fill places that are invested with such responsibility. A person could scarcely be elected a Bishop in the Methodist Church without sterling qualities as a preacher and as a man of large capabilities in other directions; but everybody knows how instantly all these qualities and capabilities come to be more pronounced and acknowledged the moment the preacher becomes the Bishop. In its measure, all this advantage will come to the Presiding Elders of our Church when they shall be invested with something more than sham authority.

There is a good deal of fault found just now with the cumbersome and expensive manner in which several of our connectional interests are managed. The necessity of having eighteen brethren to supervise the four Book Agents, and to fix a few official salaries, is somewhat criticised; and the criticism is deepened when it is remembered that twelve of these brethren are called twice a year from all parts of this country, to the serious neglect of legitimate work, in order to attend to matters concerning which, without any discredit to them, they know very little. It is thought that three intelligent laymen, living at these Book Room centres, and gladly serving without any expense to the Church, would be an excellent substitute for the General Book Committee. As I have had four years of rather hard experience myself on this Book Committee, I do not relish these criticisms very much; but yet perhaps I may as well confess that they seem to me to have a great deal of weight. The Freedmen's Aid Society has the watchcare of a double Committee, its interests requiring the services of twenty-four brethren, gathered from all over the continent. There is no doubt that a much more simple and inexpensive oversight of our denominational affairs might be very readily suggested, and I think this remark might apply with some force to the Church Extension and Missionary Society. As things stand now, the over-critical are disposed to regard the positions afforded by these large Committees, with their annual and semi-annual trips all over the country, to say nothing of other little incidental advantages, as so many sugar-plums scattered among the members of the General Conference for whom more generous provision was impossible.

It has come to be the practice of the General Conference to fill all the offices of the Church with its own members. Outside of membership in that grave ecclesiastical body the chances of an official position in the Church are almost infinitesimal. I believe, in the history of the denomination, we have had but one Bishop who was not a member of the General Conference who elected him, and that exception proved so great a success that it is a little remarkable the experiment was never repeated. At the Brooklyn Conference of 1872 it was whispered that electioneering combinations were not unusual, and many pious people thought that the time had fully come to fill the sacred offices of the Church with machinery less imitative of worldly politicians. The remedy for this evil, as well as an arrangement that would secure a better consideration of all our questions of Church work and policy, is a thorough reconstruction of the General Conference itself. It is thought that a great improvement in the composition of the General Conference might be made if it should consist of one clerical and one lay delegate from each Annual Conference, with the provision that none of its members would be eligible to any office in the Church. A General Conference so constituted would be a gathering of nearly two hundred of the choice men of the denomination, both among the ministers and the laymen, and, never casting a vote for any member of its own body, would be so far above all suspicion of selfishness as to attract the confidence of the whole country. The day is not far distant when Methodism will demand such a General Conference. Another great help to the satisfactory working of our system will be to narrow the powers of the General Conference, and give to each Annual Conference some legislative ability. Why not let the New England Conference decide some lines of policy suitable to her own people and territory, without being bound by the necessities of the Nebraska Conference?

CHIPS.

BY REV. J. HAYDEN.

In preparation of sermons let imagination run like a thrifty vine; but let the "brief" or sketch be taken into the pulpit, be like the vine after the pruning, for new shoots from the vine generally bear the clusters. I have seen such a cutting away of grape vines by experienced vine dressers that I have almost adopted the rule, "*the less vine, the more fruit*." Perhaps the less manuscript in the pulpit the better.

Some mistake intensified selfishness for piety. They never know what it is to love Christ or His work.

A little wisdom is better than much knowledge, especially in the work of winning souls.

Debating is little better than wrestling or boxing, when done with similar motives. Most disputants are like fighting cocks. No matter how badly whipped, they will probably each go off crowing.

The true Christian character is profited by every duty, trial, and sacrifice. "Everything shall work together for its good," and minister to its perfect development.

The beguiling serpent still lurks amidst the bowers of pleasure, tempting unstable souls to taste forbidden fruits; "and the soul that sinneth shall die."

The children of God will soon know the full import of all the precious promises, and an unbelieving world will soon know the full meaning of the terrible threatenings of God.

A bride accepted a husband, for whom she had no love, because of his wealth; and certain persons appear to enjoy the prospect of a home in heaven, with friends gone before, who manifest no real love to the Bridegroom whom they have professed to accept. Desiring a home "in the sweet by and by" is not the love that makes us delight in doing His will now.

While "He is fitting up my mansion" I should be fitting myself for that mansion. All fitting must be done beforehand, for the great temple will come together without the sound of axe or hammer.

The most rabid sectarians generally harp most upon the importance of Christian union. Churches, like families, will secure the best unity by respecting each other's rights, and minding their own business.

Even afflictions are sweetened when we are enabled by them to promote the cause of Christ and share in its victories. — *Reiger*.

An atonement that bears no proportion to the offense is no atonement. An atonement carries in it a payment or satisfaction, in the very notion of it. If satisfaction was so little necessary, then sin might be forgiven without any atonement. — *Edwards*.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

HALF-CENTURY DISCOURSE,
Delivered before the N. H. Conference
at Haverhill, Mass., Ap. 21, 1875.

BY REV. E. SCOTT.

To the simple fact that this is the fiftieth anniversary of my connection with the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church I owe, doubtless, the position I occupy before this audience to-day. At the Conference held in Cambridge, Mass., in June, 1825, the following named persons were admitted on trial in the New England Conference: George Storrs, Daniel Slickney, N. W. Scott, Elihu Scott, Darius Barker, Matthew Newhall, Hezekiah S. Ramsdell, Aaron Walt, Benjamin C. Eastman, Aaron Joselyn, Nathaniel Norris, George Sutherland, Sereno Fisk, Edwin Plummer, William B. Stone, John Hutchinson, and B. R. Gardner. So far as I am able to ascertain, very few of this number are, at the present time, alive, and doing effective work in the ministry. Devoutly thankful ought we to be who have been so long spared, and who have seen and heard so much of the goodness of the Lord, during the last half-century. And no sense of unworthiness in the past should be allowed to preclude the fitting expression of the deepest emotions of gratitude, joy and praise.

The occasion will, perhaps, justify the utterance of denominational sentiments which, under other circumstances, might not be in good taste. In doing so I disclaim, once for all, a vainglorious spirit, as though by any superior goodness or power of our own we have achieved our success. All the good done by or through us we cheerfully ascribe to God; and to Him, as is meet, shall be given all the glory. I also beg leave to say, emphatically, that I disclaim entirely an exclusive, sectarian spirit, as though "we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us." We joyfully recognize all the tribes of God's Israel, and rejoice in the good done by the labors of other denominations, as well as our own. But, for this once, we bespeak attention to what God has been pleased to do by us, in the past years of our history.

One apologetic remark may be indulged, not for the fact of preaching at all—God forbid! but for the manner of doing it. In a ministry of fifty years I have preached, perhaps, on special occasions, half a dozen times by note. My discourse on this occasion includes historical facts, dates, and statistics too numerous to memorize, leaving me the only alternative to write and read from manuscript what I have to say. I protest, however, against any bad use being made of this exceptional example on the part of younger men, with better memories, and better literary and theological training than the fathers ever enjoyed.

Our text is recorded in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter xiii, verses 31 and 32: "Another parable put He forth unto them, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.'" This parable of our Lord was prophetic—designed to indicate the mighty progress of His kingdom on earth, from the smallest beginnings to the grandest proportions, by the spread of the Gospel among all nations. The main idea is that of growth, and to this we invite attention.

To exhibit the general progress of Christianity since the utterance of this parable, from the tiny seed planted to the full development of the plant to the stature of a tree, would be a theme both grand and glorious; but volumes would be required to treat it adequately. So, also, to survey the battle field of Methodism in its widest extent, as it has waged an aggressive warfare against sin and Satan from its unpromising beginnings, would be a subject worthy of the highest intellectual power and rhetorical skill. In the present humble efforts we can attempt only a very brief survey of the wonderful growth of Methodism during the last fifty years; and that, chiefly, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in our own country. It must be obvious that the utmost pains will be requisite to condense what might fill a volume into a single discourse of reasonable length for an occasion like the present. Romantic incident, pleasing episode, and edifying biography must all be ignored, however much they might enliven the interest and enhance the value of the narrative. The temptation to indulge in these, more or less, would be irresistible, were it not for the fact that they so abound in our annals and Church histories.

In its origin, Methodism, so-called, might well be symbolized by a "grain of mustard seed planted" in the earth. This movement, we learn, began in the joint labors of Rev. John and Charles Wesley, in 1729. In November of this year the first Methodist Society was formed, consisting of four young gentlemen of Oxford, England, namely, Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College; Mr. Charles Wesley, student of Christ Church; Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church; and Mr. Kirkman, of Merton College. The next year two or three of Mr. J. Wesley's pupils desired the privilege of meeting with them; and afterwards one of Mr. C. Wesley's pupils. In 1732 Mr. Ingham of Queen's College, and Mr. Brougham of Exeter, were added to their number. To these in

April was joined Mr. Clayton of Brasenose, with two or three of his pupils. About the same time Mr. Jas. Hervey was permitted to meet with them, and afterward Mr. Whitefield. The exact regularity of their lives, as well as studies, occasioned a young gentleman of Christ Church to say, "here is a new set of Methodists sprung up"—alluding, it is said, to some ancient physicians who were so called. The name was new and quaint; so it took immediately, and the Methodists were known all over the University. We may add that the name, given in derision and by way of reproach, has stuck to their followers in all parts of the world to which their influence has reached. Here was struck the little spark that soon set the kingdom in a blaze, and is still burning as intensely, and far more widely, than ever before.

Methodism in this country was of still humbler origin. In 1766 it bounded across the Atlantic Ocean, and found a lodgment in the house of Mr. Philip Embury, a local preacher from Ireland, in the city of New York; then, in a sail-rigging loft; and, at no distant day, in the John Street church, the first Methodist church built in America. Philip Embury, it seems, had wofully "left his first love," and was brought back to a sense of duty by the importunity of a few pious women, who had also been members of the Methodist Society in Ireland. Yielding to their earnest entreaties, he preached his first sermon in the new country in his own house, to a congregation of four or five persons. The Spirit of God so appointed him for the work that, like his illustrious namesake, of earlier times, he preached so effectively that many gave heed to the Word, and there was great joy in that city. Such was its obscure origin, its feeble and flickering light, its early history, on this side of the water.

In this, as well as in the old country, it was immediately assailed with intense ridicule and opposition. It was the object of scorn and derision, on the part of worldly and lukewarm professors and skeptical free-thinkers, in Church and State; the song of the bacchanalian, the scoff of the profane. Allow me to name one singular fact, tending to indicate the popular estimation in which it was held, and the kind of opposition it had to encounter: Something less than fifty years ago (perhaps not more than forty-five) I met with a printed sermon, entitled "A Funeral Sermon for Methodism." The author was a Rev. Mr. Huntington of England, a clergyman of considerable note in his day. His text was taken from Isaiah, Chap. xxxii, verses 5-7, and reads as follows: "The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful. For the vile person will speak villany, and his heart will work iniquity, to practice hypocrisy and to utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry; and he will cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the churl are evil; he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right."

In the advertisement the author admitted that Methodism was not quite dead, but affirmed it to be in a dying condition—in fact, at the very point of death. And so certain was the event to occur in a very short time that, though somewhat unusual to preach a funeral sermon before the actual decease of the subject of it, yet, in this case, under existing circumstances, he thought it allowable. Possibly he hoped his effort might hasten the mortal pang, or feared that, by some mishap, he might lose the coveted privilege of consigning it to oblivion, or an immortality of infamy. In this famous, or infamous sermon he applies the epithets "vile person" and "churl" to Mr. Wesley by name, and without qualification or mitigation. Indeed, by other forms of expression, he seems desirous of intensifying them. So, also, the 6th verse he applies to the teaching and preaching of Wesley: "For the vile person will speak villany, and his heart will work iniquity, to practice hypocrisy, and to utter error against the Lord." And then, to cap the climax, he applies the 7th verse to the means and methods, the rules and regulations instituted by Wesley for the organization and government of his Societies: "The instruments also of the churl are evil; he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right."

Such was the sermon, and this is no exaggeration of the facts. But, strange to say, Methodism did not then die, and so it was not buried; and the sermon, alas! was doomed "to waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Methodism has been justly christened "a child of Providence;" and it would be difficult to arrive at the true philosophy of the movement without admitting the validity of the claim. Not only did it continue to live and grow, but soon became intensely active, wonderfully diffusive and marvelously aggressive. And, though constantly opposed by wit and sarcasm, by mobocratic violence and abuse, by professed saints and notorious sinners, it has extended its influence and conquests, to a degree that finds no parallel since the days of primitive Christianity. Fifty years ago Methodism in this country was still an exciting novelty, little understood, and less appreciated by the multitude. It was still the "sect everywhere spoken against," and won its conquests, not by the wisdom of man but by the power of God; not by the arts of the rhetorician, but by

the force of simple truth, commended to men's consciences in the sight of God.—To be continued.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

(BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.)

From the fruits of modern spiritualism Christian people very wisely conclude that all its preternatural phenomena which cannot be traced to the agency of the devil's human journey-men are caused by the presence of his Satanic majesty himself. A fact demonstrating the truth of this conclusion may be of great service to those who have to contend with this damning delusion.

Dr. Callis of Boston, immediately after the death of his first wife, began to receive letters in her hand writing, style of thought and expression, and bearing her signature, with characteristic peculiarities so minute that neither the Doctor himself nor the intimate friends of his deceased wife could distinguish them from her letters written when living. These missives, full of tenderness, good counsel, and predictions of some great Christian work which he was to do in the future (for this was before he began his so-called faith-work), came quite often during several weeks. During this time, regularly, at two o'clock in the morning, he would be awakened by three distinct raps on the table. One morning while awake, at about four o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly startled by a bird singing in his room. He arose, looked about the room, but found no bird. This bird-song now became quite a regular phenomenon in his bed-chamber. Once, while sitting in his office in conversation with a gentleman, the bird-song suddenly startled them, as if just above their heads. The gentleman, turning his eyes upward toward the top of the window, said, "you have a Canary here, have you?" He was told that there was none in the house.

By this time Dr. Callis says that the thing began to be annoying. His friends who were cognizant of the facts advised him to call in a medium, and establish communication with his departed wife. But, instead of this, he carried the whole matter to the Lord, on his knees, in these words: "O, Lord Jesus, I am Thine. I desire to do Thy will perfectly. If these strange things are from Thee, I am ready to go into them and receive all the truth which Thou dost wish to communicate. But, if they are of the devil, put an immediate stop to them. Amen!" People who have strong faith are remarkable for the brevity of their prayers. After this short prayer the letters, the table rappings and the bird-songs suddenly ceased, and have never been repeated.

Let all Christians who are similarly tempted to converse with the dead follow the example of this good man, and ask God's opinion of resorting to necromancy, instead of to the Law and the Testimony.

THE SABBATH.

MR. EDITOR:—May a man of "one talent" say a word on the matter of "holiness"? I shall confine myself to what is called the Camp-meeting Sabbath. I gave, in part, my views of the matter in our Association at Yarmouth, in August last. The general feeling in the Association seemed to be for the holding of our meetings between the two Sabbaths, unless the Old Colony Railroad would take off their train on that day. I am satisfied that that will not be done, and I would not ask them to do it. They know their business, we know ours. I do not wish to press our meeting into four days, but I would rather do that than have a Parisian market-day on Sunday.

My proposition now is this: Let us hold our meeting eight or ten days, as we now do, but have one day of fasting and prayer, according to the Bible and the Methodist Discipline; and let that day be the Lord's day. What! no preaching at the stand on the Sabbath? It is all Sabbath, or ought to be, at Camp-meeting. From twenty to thirty sermons ought to be enough. Besides, the preachers who have Charges could go home and look after them; most of the flock are at home. One or two hundred sermons at home ought to be as good as three on the Camp-ground. Get back on Monday morning, and let all the "star preaching" be on that day and the next; and so inform the public. Especially let the public know that Sunday is fast day, and that nothing will be bought or sold on that day, and that the boarding tents will be closed to all but boarders. Then there will be no need of fences or gates. All will be quiet, except the prayer, the song, and the cries of true penitents. The large tents will be full. The cottages will have their family fasting and prayer, if they are people of God. At three o'clock let there be a prayer-meeting at the stand, and it is likely you will see that kind (of devil) going out that "goeth out" after "prayer and fasting." On this plan you will have a Sabbath of religious rest. Then let the cars come, if they will; and those who come on to the ground must obey the rules of the meeting, or go off. If it is fast day. On this plan, too, our home-work would not suffer, as it does now, and the world would see that we really regard God's holy day, according to the commandment. Then what? Why, the "windows of heaven opened," and the rich blessings descending.

But it will be expensive for a hundred preachers to go home, and return on Monday. Yes, but let us consider that not a quarter of our people are with us at camp; and then, again, if we must have one eye on expense, let us have the other on Calvary, and strike the balance.

But the above is only a hasty suggestion of an

AGED METHODIST PREACHER.

EYE AND EAR SERMONS.

During the past several years, Rev. Edwin M. Long, of Philadelphia, the widely known evangelist, has been preaching courses of "illustrated sermons" in protracted-meeting efforts, that have awakened great interest in many sections, and have served to draw out the masses under the influence of the soul-saving truths of the Gospel. Instead of having a manuscript, with the points of the sermon before the speaker's eye, his sermons are so arranged as to hold the eyes and ears of his audience simultaneously. By means of a frame work, twelve feet high, placed ordinarily in the rear of the pulpit sofa, the illustrations appear above the top of any pulpit, and revolve on three rollers as silently and quickly as the turning of a leaf of manuscript sermon. Each illustration contains a text at the top, in gilt letters, large enough to be seen over any audience room, and underneath a painting that sets forth its meaning. As many of these texts and accompanying illustrations are used as there are divisions in a sermon, or links in the chain of thought. These illustrations are interspersed with two or three printed hymns, that are sung during the sermon. And thus Mr. Long seeks to get his audience to emphasize the truth of the sermon, and uses their lips, as well as their eyes and ears, in conveying truths to the conscience and heart.

Mr. Long is the author of the new work, "Illustrated History of Hymns and their Authors," that fills a gap in every library, published by Jos. F. Jagers, 719 Sanson Street, Philadelphia. This, with its synopsis, embraces facts in relation to over 800 hymn writers, and is interspersed with 59 engravings, consisting of many fac-similes of the likenesses of many old hymn writers. The likeness of Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," was photographed from the Gospel Magazine, issued in 1777, which contained his portrait as a frontispiece. The likeness also of Robinson, author of "Come, Thou fount of every blessing," and of Bishop Kerr, author of the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and of many others, were copied from rare prints, and re-engraved just as they appeared a hundred years ago. While these engravings do not present the neat artistic touches of modern artists, they are valuable for being fac-similes of portraits that were contemporary with the hymn writers themselves. It contains a fine likeness of John and Charles Wesley, and several other distinguished poets. N. X. G.

Baltimore, October 10.

STEADFASTNESS.

Being more fully convinced than ever before that the great want of the Church to-day is steadfastness to her principles, I am anxious to call attention to this subject. To illustrate, take the man of business. I ask, How long would he be successful, if he could not be found to-morrow where he is to-day? How long before his creditors, seeing his lack of steadfastness to principles and professions, would cease to have confidence in him? Now we, as a body of Christ's professed followers, have said to the world, We have started for the heavenly kingdom, and that this is our sole business; and yet, alas, so many are found "sometimes up and sometimes down."

What is the remedy? I give it as it seems to me. Take the promises of God; by appropriating faith believe them; claim them as our own; make an entire surrender of ourselves to Him; and get into that place where we enjoy the sunlight of His countenance, and can sing,

"In God I have found a retreat."

Then, I believe, the world will not bring us down to her, but we shall live in that "highway cast up for the ransom of the Lord." We want to believe more fully and clearly what we profess—a settling into the will of God; and then we shall be "steadfast, unmovable." Oh, that we may "give to the winds our fears," and lay hold on eternal life in earnest, is my prayer. Then shall we truly have less of the number called unstable, vacillating, tossed about by every change of circumstances, and more of those that have a hope that is like an anchor—Christians that are not afraid to let their light shine, but are anxious to put themselves in the front ranks, to try, by grace assisting, to take the world for God.

Fisherville, N. H.

NORWICH DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

met in the Methodist Episcopal Church, East Hampton, Conn., October 18-20. An excellent sermon was preached on Monday evening by Rev. G. W. Anderson, from the words, "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Tuesday morning the meeting organized. Rev. W. H. Stetson was elected president, Rev. J. Oldham secretary. Rev. A. L. Dearing read an essay on "the nature and limit of moral probation." The essay was a very able one, and provoked an unusually lively and interesting discussion. Rev. M. Howard read an essay on "the benefits of fasting," which was

fully and freely discussed. In the evening, a very interesting missionary meeting was held, when stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. W. H. Stetson, Walter Ela and H. H. Martin.

Wednesday morning Rev. H. H. Martin spoke on the question assigned him, "should the Presiding Elder be elected by the Annual Conference?" This live question was well ventilated and freely discussed by the preachers present, after which, in order to test the feeling of the preachers and people on the subject, a vote was taken, in which the whole congregation were requested to join, which resulted in the approval of the present method of appointment. Rev. D. A. Jordan next presented an essay on "the relation of East Greenwich Academy to the proposed division of Providence Conference." The following resolution was unanimously passed: That the Presiding Elder be requested to use his influence, together with the Presiding Elders of the other Districts, to secure a change in the seat of our next Annual Conference to a more central location. The reports from the Churches were very encouraging; some are enjoying gracious revivals, others are expecting, and the omens are that a general revival will sweep over the entire District during this fall and winter.

Norwich District is happy; and, while the other three Districts of the Conference are humbly begging their mother to take them to her arms again, pursues the even tenor of its way, believing that there is both grit and grace enough on the District to run an Eastern Connecticut Conference, if need be. This Preachers' Meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and the generous hospitality of the East Hampton people will be long remembered.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at South Coventry, February 22-25, 1876.

JOHN OLDEHAM, Secretary.

DOVER DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

"What so fair as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."
So says Lowell, and we have no wish to dispute him; but the week including the 20th and 21st of October, the time appointed for the session of this Association, furnished days scarcely less perfect than the balmy June. The beautiful weather, their interest in the programme, and the well-known hospitality of the people of Great Falls, brought together twenty-four of the preachers on the District. The subjects presented for essays and discussion were all practical, and were well handled, considering the very limited time allowed each essayist. There is time for only a few noteworthy thoughts, gathered here and there.

The "style and kind of preaching for the times" was declared to be the same that was most efficient in former times. There should be an effort to reach the consciences of the people by a direct presentation of simple Gospel truth. The brother appointed to prophesy on "the future camp-meeting" believed the time would come when our Annual Conferences and anniversaries would be held upon the camp-ground, thus relieving the people of any one Charge of the burden of entertainment, and affording ample accommodations for all who might desire to attend. The discussion upon an elective Presiding Eldership discovered the almost unanimous conviction that the near future would witness the adoption of this method of appointment. Most of the brethren were ready to hail that day with gladness, but a few conservatives were afraid there was danger in introducing such radical changes.

The sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Lawrence, Wednesday evening, was full of great thoughts, eloquently presented. The text was, Romans v, 20: "Moreover, the law entered, that the offense might abound." There were many who went away from that service able to understand, as never before, the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, how love I Thy law."

The reports from the different Charges indicated a good state of religious interest in all directions. Some of the pastors were detained at home by revival work.

H. W.

CENTRAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The lines between the Republican and Democratic parties are being closely drawn; and there is more earnestness and hard work in the present canvass than has been manifested in several years, especially at a time when it is usually regarded as an "off year" in politics. The result of the election in Ohio naturally gives new enthusiasm to the Republicans, and the Democrats curse the inflation platform of the Ohio Democracy. The same questions that were prominent in the Ohio canvass are also prominent here. This is especially true of the school question, which, through the schemes of the Roman hierarchy, has been thrust upon us, and which, for the time, at least, must take the lead. However much we may regret this, the fact is upon us, and the Church of Rome is making strong efforts to crush our common school system. And that Church has already secured for one of its orders privileges which no Protestant Church enjoys. It has recently been discovered that, at the last session of our legislature, an act known as "Chapter 353" of the laws of 1875 was passed, which was signed by the Governor, and which empowers the "Sisterhood of Grey Nuns of the State of New York" to grant diplomas and honorary testimonials to any

person who may graduate "at any Seminary of learning of said corporation" in this State; and these diplomas may be received by the Superintendent of Public Instruction as evidence of the qualification of such graduates to teach in any of our public schools without further examination. This order, it will be observed, is placed on the same footing as our normal schools! The present canvass has brought out this fact, and the evidence is, that, by some means, the bill was "smuggled" through the legislature; but the Governor must have known its nature and design, and the Democratic press, so far as I can learn, is silent on the subject, thereby giving sanction to this outrage. The tendency, then, is to awaken Protestants, and mass them in the ranks of the Republican party, which has boldly and unqualifiedly championed the cause of our common school system; and ere this reaches the eyes of your readers the people will have rendered their verdict; and, though no prophet nor son of a prophet, I venture that the arrogance of the Papal priesthood will receive a just rebuke, and, if the Republicans elect their candidates to the legislature, we may reasonably expect that the obnoxious "Chapter 353" will be repealed.

Rev. B. I. Ives, the Republican candidate for State Prison Inspector, is stumping the State, as I see by the programme published in the Albany Journal. He has, for some time, been considered as a friend of the Prohibition party, and at one time held a place upon the State Committee; and the leaders in the Prohibition party keenly feel what they regard as his desertion from their ranks. But, without doubt, Bro. Ives feels, as do others who have labored with the Prohibitionists, viz., that it will not advance the cause of temperance to allow our schools to be overthrown by that foe of freedom—the Church of Rome, and, under present circumstances, it is best for good men to vote with the Republican party to defeat the pretensions of the Vatican, for they can do so in no other way, as we cannot induce a majority of the people to vote the Prohibition ticket.

I have watched this subject closely, and when I see Romanism and Democracy combining for the overthrow of our common school system, and with it all that an American citizen holds dear, I feel that the time for action has come.

Our Church members do not, as yet, seem to fully comprehend the danger that threatens our institutions and government from the insidious foe which has ever opposed freedom. And so we see Protestants voting for Romanists! Such should not be the case anywhere. We would not persecute Roman Catholics, but we would have them do as all good citizens will, i. e., yield a cheerful obedience to American laws and institutions which are intended to promote the welfare of the entire nation. But Romanists do not *willingly* do this. See the Montreal case. Here is something that should open the eyes of all Protestants. Romanism is unchanged in principle, and would now do the same things it did when in its flush of power and glory, had it the power; and the drive at our schools is an entering wedge. But we hope that Americans will see to it that these efforts of the hierarchy are defeated every time.

Oct. 24th, 1875.

G. H. W.

Our Book Table.

THE CATSKILL FAIRIES, by Virginia W. Johnson, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, and published by Harper & Brothers, is a gem of beautiful mechanical execution, and a capital collection of wondrous fairy stories, whose scenes of activity are supposed to be along the heights of the Catskills. The lively authors can almost compete with Jules Verne in the marvellousness of the children of her imagination; but she deals not with real men and real scenes, as does the Frenchman. Her characters are the little men and women that live only in pleasant fancies, and come to the dreams of childhood. With the little fellows and misses this beautiful volume will be esteemed a treasure.

The favorite gift-book of last season was Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane." The first edition was exhausted long before the demand for it had been met. This year the popular book will be an equally beautiful volume of Whittier, entitled *MANE, MARTIN; A Harvest Idyl*. It has some seven illustrations, specially prepared by well-known artists; many of them are exquisite. The poem itself was published some time since, in a volume entitled "Home Ballads;" but additions have been made to it, and the apt illustrations give a peculiar charm to the melodious and pathetic tale of the old witch-times and the gallow-streets. This beautiful volume, every way, will be the great temptation when the holidays, now so near, break upon us. A happy Christmas it will bring to many homes. Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

An admirable and instructive volume is *MONEY, AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE*, by W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S., Professor in the Owens College, Manchester, England. This latest issue of D. Appleton & Co., in their "International Scientific Series," is not a discussion of the difficulties of currency, but a clear and interesting account of the monetary systems of the world. The early history of the circulation of coin and of bank paper, the nature and modes of exchange, means of regulating paper currency, the office of bank checks, the management of clearing houses, the significance of the various terms in use in national and international exchange, occasions of sensitiveness in the money market, and, indeed, about all an intelligent citizen needs to know of the "circulating medium," can be found in this handsome and portable volume. It would make a fine text-book for commercial schools, and will be handy for reference in the counting-room.

The second issue of the new diamond edition of Hawthorne's works, published by James R. Osgood & Co., is *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*. As might be expected, this edition is eminently popular,

and large sales were made of the volumes as they are issued. The type, though small, is clear; and the edition is a model of mechanical beauty. It is so handy to carry in the bag, and to read by the way, that it will long be a favorite with readers of every age.

"The Classic Series," from the press of the same publishers, comes to its logical conclusion in a very convenient little volume of *ATHEMOS*, containing short and entertaining sketches of the writers from whose works selections have been made in the twelve volumes of the series already published. It is pleasant to read, and handy for reference.

J. R. Osgood & Co. add to their long list of poetic literature from American pens,—1. A new volume, always welcomed, from Longfellow, entitled *THE MASQUE OF PANDORA*, AND OTHER POEMS. The opening poem is a dramatic picture of the classic myth of Pandora and her fate-ful chest. Its solemn moral is:—

"Never, by lapse of time,
The soul, defaced by crime,
Into its former self returns again,
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undoing pain;
Never shall be the lost
Restored till Hell's
Hath purified them with its heavenly fires:
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begins,
Kindled with nobler passion and desire."

"The Hanging of the Crane," "Mortuary Salutations," the touching elegy on Charles Sumner, also appear in the volume.

2. *HOME PASTORALS*, by Bayard Taylor. This attractive volume of poems, ballads, and lyrics, has a character of its own, smooth and musical, without striking effects of originality, or any very marked passages that linger in and haunt the memory. It is a pleasant volume to sit down and read aloud in the family—not one to excite thought, or occasion study.

The same house publishes a new collection of the magazine letters of Bret Hartle. The volume has for its title *TALES OF THE ANAGNOSTS*, AND OTHER SKETCHES. This volume contains "The Rose of Toulmoine," "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," "A Wan Lee, the Pagan," "How Old Ben Plunkett Went Home," "The Fool of Five Forks," "Bale Sylvester," "An Episode of Fiddletown," and "A Jersey Centennial." These stories need no illustrations; they are, all, *de fresco* pictures; they stand out in unfading colors in the memory when read, they will never be forgotten.

Iverson, Blackman, Taylor & Co. publish *EARLY LESSONS IN GERMAN*, by W. H. and E. K. Woodbury. As far as we have had time to examine this volume, it strikes us very favorably as a clear and compendious text-book.

D. Appleton & Co. publish *WRIGHT, MEASURES, AND MONEY OF ALL NATIONS*, compiled by F. W. Clarke, S. B., of the University of Cincinnati. This is the only text-book of the kind, covering the whole subject, that we have seen. It is just what is needed in commercial schools.

LITERARY NOTES.

Rev. Andrew Thomson, an Edinburgh clergyman, has written a narrative of travel, entitled "In the Holy Land," which A. D. Randolph & Co. will publish. The same firm have in preparation another English reprint, to be called "The Epworth Singers, and Other Poets of Methodism." A large part of the volume is taken up with the verses of the brothers John and Charles Wesley.—Hon. Edward Jay Morris, late U. S. Minister to Turkey, has recently translated for Messrs. Porter & Coates one of the best descriptive novels which they have published. It is entitled "Africa, or Life and Love in Norway," by Theodore Mogge. It is a strange, wild story, as fully characterized that remarkable coast, and reminds one very strongly of the story recently published from the pen of another Norwegian writer. All the tales of North life, which we have seen, possess in large measure a peculiarly native air; and this one seems to bring up, in a most realistic manner, the country and people which it describes. Bayard Taylor, in a letter to the *Tribune*, speaks of the book as a capital guide to the tourist in Northern climes.—The India office of the English government has recently been presented with a copy of the Chinese version of the Buddhist Scriptures, weighing some three and a half tons.—"The Abode of Snow," a narrative of Himalayan adventure, by Andrew Wilson; and a "Classical Dictionary," by John Leighton.—The October *Galaxy* contains, among other interesting papers, one on English pronunciation, by Richard Grant White; and a criticism on Octave Feuillet, by Albert Rhodes.—The London *Atenaeum* is pleased to observe that "there seems some probability that the wave of comic literature, which a short time ago invaded our shores from America, has finally subsided."

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Vocal—"A Mary Monks," Scotch words by Burns, music by Arthur Sullivan; "Sunset Hour," for contralto or baritone, by T. H. Hove; "The Days That Are No More," words by Tennyson, music by Jacques Blumenthal; "Almost," words by R. E. Francillon, music by F. H. Cowen. Instrumental—"The Star of Home," fantastic brillante, by Franz E. Zahn; "Waltz-Galop," by A. H. Whitney; "Adieu Waltz," by F. W. Bley; and "Fog's transcription of themes from Wagner's 'Tannhauser.'"

From Messrs. G. D. Russell & Co.: Vocal—"Enchantment," song, words by Oscar Laighton, music by Henry Wilson; "Ragged Joe," words by Annie M. Curtis, music by Geo. Dana; "Far From My Mountain Home," cavatina, by Robert Chaffin; "Molly Moriarty," by L. De Meyer. Instrumental—"Softly Dreaming," Charles James R. Osgood & Co., published by James R. Osgood & Co., is *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*. As might be expected, this edition is eminently popular,

The President's Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1875.
By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

In accordance with a practice, at once wise and beautiful, we have been accustomed, as the year is drawing to a close, to devote an occasion to the humble expression of our thanks to Almighty God for the ceaseless and distinguished benefits bestowed upon us as a nation, and for His mercies and protection during the closing year.

Amid the rich and free enjoyment of all our advantages we should not forget the sources from whence they are derived, and the extent of our obligations to the Father of all mercies. We have full reason to renew our thanks to Almighty God for favors bestowed upon us during the past year. By His continuing mercy civil and religious liberty have been maintained; peace has reigned within our borders; labor and enterprise have produced their merited rewards, and to His watchful providence we are indebted to security from pestilence and other national calamity. Apart from national blessings, each individual among us has occasion to thoughtfully recall and devoutly recognize the favors and protection which he has enjoyed.

Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim, on Thursday, the 25th day of November, the people of the United States, abstaining from all secular pursuits and from their accustomed avocations, do assemble in their respective places of worship, and in such form as may seem most appropriate in their own hearts, offer to Almighty God their acknowledgments and thanks for all His mercies, and their humble prayers for a continuance of His divine favor.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this 27th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1875, and of the Independence of the United States the 100th.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT.

By the President.
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

MASSACHUSETTS.

East Bridgewater.—Brother Ballou, our esteemed and successful pastor, has been conducting a series of evening meetings for a few weeks past, with glorious success. Over thirty souls have been converted and reclaimed, as we hope, and the work is still going on; every evening souls are saved through faith in Jesus. The work is not characterized by a great rush to the altar, but a steady, gradual work of salvation.

Chester.—Rev. E. Burlingham writes that the Lord is blessing His people in Chester. Some fifteen or twenty have presented themselves at the altar for prayers.

MAINE.

Sheriff Chapman made another raid on the Turner House at Skowhegan, last Wednesday afternoon. He seized a quantity of liquor, and would have taken more, but the proprietors resisted him. Mr. C. made complaint against them, and they were convicted of keeping liquor for sale in violation of law, and also for resisting the officer. Mr. Chapman is determined to see the law enforced in Somerset County. He has the confidence and support of the community.

The Odd Fellows at Fairfield have purchased a lot, and intend to erect a building and a hall thereon. The building is to be two stories high, and to cost about \$7,000. The religious interest in the place is reported to be good.

Large and enthusiastic meetings are being held by the Reform clubs of Lewiston and Auburn, and much interest in the temperance cause is manifested.

Brother Adams, pastor of the Methodist Church in Farmington, is enjoying prosperity in his parish. Several have recently sought and found the Saviour. Last Sabbath 13 were baptized—10 by sprinkling, and 3 by immersion. The congregation is large and the Church active. Brother Adams and wife are in labors abundant.

One convert was baptized recently at East Wilton. Several have of late given good evidence of conversion. Brother Bisbee, pastor of the Church, is doing a good work.

The first "hard cider" case in Lewiston, under the nuisance act, was tried last week, and the respondent bound over in the sum of \$500. The city marshal has notified all saloon keepers in that city that, in accordance with the recent decisions of the courts, the sale of old cider and wine to be drunk on the premises must be stopped, and that all violations of the law will be promptly prosecuted.

Twenty conversions are reported at North Vienna, under the labors of Bro. J. Randall, Clifford and P. E. Norton, assisted by students from Kent's Hill.

Large temperance gatherings are held each week at Mechanic Falls.

EAST MAINE.

The Rockland District Ministerial Association held a very pleasant session at Unity, Oct. 6-7. The meeting was quite largely attended by the preachers on the District, and some live questions were discussed. The next meeting will be held at Union Common, Jan. 11-12.

Bro. M. D. Miller is having good success on his Charge, at East Pittsburg. Several conversions are reported. This Charge has recently met with a

great loss in the death of Bro. Samuel G. Bailey, for many years one of its most earnest and efficient members.

Bro. C. E. Libby is holding a series of meetings this week on his Charge at Thomaston; two were baptized last Sabbath.

We are informed that a glorious revival is in progress at Damariscotta, under the faithful labors of Bro. A. S. Townsend.

Bro. D. M. True, of Sheepscot Bridge, is sick with a fever. His pulpit is being supplied by Rev. E. H. Boyington of Aina.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Union is being painted "white as snow;" its members also are seeking for spotless purity, through the blood of the Lamb.

Bro. C. B. Besse has nearly removed the heavy debt on the church at Rockland, by his earnest efforts in the right direction. M. G. P.

Damariscotta and Newcastle.—The "Variety Feast" recently given by the Methodist Society Tuesday evening, was a very successful entertainment. The services consisted of prayer and singing, by Rev. L. H. Bean, and a lecture by Rev. W. W. Marsh on "The Beautiful." The lecture was intensely interesting, and well received by the large audience. The crowd then gathered in the vestry, where a clamor was served to a hungry multitude of about three hundred. The receipts of the evening were nearly \$100. The Damariscotta Brass Band deserve special mention for their liberality in furnishing music without charge to the Society, and for the very excellent pieces rendered.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rev. J. W. Adams received twenty-six candidates into full connection on the 24th ult. at Tilton.

J. K. Osgood, esq., author of the Reform club movement, will commence his temperance campaign in New Hampshire on the 10th inst., at Tilton. It is expected that a Reform club will be organized there. A.

The Methodist Church in Gilford Village, A. R. Lunt pastor, has just had one of Smith's new organs put into its gallery, at a cost of \$350. K.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

And the Semi-Centennial Sermon.

TO THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD, GREETING:—At the suggestion, and to gratify the wishes of many personal friends who heard the sermon, and those who did not, I finally concluded to submit the manuscript to your inspection, and, if you judged it suitable, offer it for insertion in the HERALD. As you have kindly offered to publish it, I beg the privilege of saying a word or two by way of explanation.

The discourse was not written for publication, and yet, if it will do no harm, and gratify my numerous friends of many years' standing, I am willing it should be given to the world. The sermon is long, I am well aware, and with such a subject I could not make it short. Though, perhaps, it might have been somewhat shorter, it would have been far easier to make it longer. Those who feel no interest in the theme need not be told that they are not obliged to read it; while my friends and the friends of Methodism will, perhaps, endure the infliction patiently, especially as the author never imposed a long sermon on them before—from the press, I mean—and probably never will claim their indulgence in a similar way again. Besides, the discourse covers a half century!

Thus much I wished to say, to avoid all suspicion that I am self-moved, by an offensive egotism to seek notoriety, and thrust myself before the public.

Hampton, N. H. E. SCOTT.
[The sermon is commenced on the second page.—ED. ZION'S HERALD.]

UNIVERSALISTS IN COUNCIL.

At a late Universalist Conference in Lynn, Dr. W. H. Ryder, whose abilities and Christian character we learned to respect years ago, when associated with him upon the Roxbury School Committee, quite stirred up the minds of his brethren by some earnest and practical exhortations upon the lack in this body of spiritual earnestness. We doubt not it will do them good. He said in his address:—

"Two hindrances seem to me to lie in the way of our denominational progress. The first is the most sorrowful and the most important one. The average Universalist does not expect to be spiritually renewed, and possibly does not desire to be. Now, mark me, I am not talking about the picked men and women of the order. I am not talking about those that for the most part are to be found in such conventions as this. I am talking about the rank and file generally. I want to get at the characteristics of our people, and to answer the question under notice in the broad light of its general application to the Universalist Church in the West as well as in the East, in the South as well as in the North.

"I repeat that the Universalist does not expect to be spiritually renewed. He believes in morality, respects piety, believes in the Bible, and will defend it; but he does not consider because he attends a Universalist meeting that therefore he ought to be a Christian. This is not to the same extent true of some other denominations. The nominal Presbyterian expects to be talked to on spiritual themes. You take men and women from the street; put them into a Presbyterian Church, and they will not only expect to be exhorted to piety, but will even be disposed to condemn the minister if he does not vigorously

apply the doctrines of this Church.

"Every man who goes into the Episcopal Church does so expecting that the Episcopal Church will be exalted as if it were the only great religious organization. But the Universalist—the Universalist of corresponding grade—does he commence attendance upon the Universalist Church with a corresponding feeling? Does he expect that the minister is to talk to him about these great themes of personal salvation? I fear, Christian friends, as you will look this matter over, you will find that the radical difficulty in the direction I am indicating is that the people do not feel the need of these things and do not appreciate the importance of them.

"The second difficulty that lies in our way is this: Our preachers, our editors, our authors do not address the people as though they were charged with the solemn duty before God of winning souls to Christ.

"The same is true substantially of the Sunday-school teachers of our order. We all believe in morality; we all talk it. We like to have our Societies prosperous. We want to do our work well, but we do not act as if we felt that we are specially charged to convert the people to God."

"FOUR VALUABLE BOOKS."

BY REV. A. S. LADD.

Under the above head M. S. Terry has a short article in the *Christian Advocate* of August 19, in which he strongly recommends to young ministers the following books: "The Christ of History," by John Young (published by Carter & Brother, New York); "Prophecy a Preparation for Christ;" "The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament;" and "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" (the three last named published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston). Mr. T. says, "should we be asked by a young minister to name a few books of great worth and little cost—books of permanent value, worthy of being read over and over again, and then lent to others, and then recalled and re-read again and again—books whose repeated perusal would be likely to give to one's modes of thought breadth, and depth, and soundness—we would run no risk in saying 'the books above mentioned.' We have no acquaintance with Mr. T.; neither are we vain enough to suppose our endorsement will add any weight to his advice; but it was evident that he was acquainted with books, from the tenor of his article; and, furthermore, we were the first named in our library. We were confident that he did not set too high a value upon that, and so procured the others. We have given them one careful reading, and are happy in anticipating a speedy re-perusal of the same.

I am persuaded that any minister, young or old, who may be influenced to purchase and study these books, will thank the one who called his attention to them. I wish to tender my thanks to Mr. T., and would be glad, if he will allow me, to "extend the notice," as we preachers say, through the columns of Zion's HERALD.

A. S. LADD.

[With which we heartily add an editorial endorsement.—ED. ZION'S HERALD.]

FROM THE WEST.

St. Louis, Mo., October 23.—Rev. Bro. Inskip and McDonald held a series of meetings in this city that were fruitful of much immediate good, and resulted in the establishment of a meeting for the promotion of Christian holiness in the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, last December, where "a band whose hearts God has touched" (1 Sam. x, 26) have met each Tuesday, at 3 p. m. These meetings have been participated in by Christians of the different denominations, and they have done much to promote "fraternal relations" between Northern and Southern Methodist, and to greatly improve the tone of religious life among us.

A second meeting for holiness was established two weeks since, in a commodious apartment in the "Belvidere House," corner of 13th and Washington Avenue. Mr. Levi H. Baker, whose husband owns this large building, has, during the present week, cheerfully responded to God's call to leave her elegant country residence, distant about ten miles, and to come to this city to give herself wholly to this special work of faith and labor of love. This earnest Christian lady has consecrated this room to God, for meetings to be held each Friday, at 3 p. m., for the promotion of Christian holiness. By the urgent solicitation of numerous members of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, and of other Churches, Rev. C. A. Van Ande, pastor of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, presides in these meetings. In the exuberance of her joyful freedom, at the first meeting last week, Sister Baker declared, "we are all one in Christ Jesus." There is no North and no South in perfect love; it makes all prejudices and antipathies flee away." The hearty responses that greeted these words attested their fullest endorsement by the meeting. If God's people, elsewhere, North and South, will only drink from this blessed fountain of holiness, "resolutions of fraternal relations" by Annual and quadrennial Conferences will be as useless as a last year's calendar. These meetings are steadily increasing in interest, and a very general and confident expectation is entertained that God is about to baptize the Churches, and pour out upon St. Louis rich tokens of His power and grace.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL.—Rev. Dr. Dickey, for six years past pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Foote, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church of this city, have dissolved their relations with these churches—the former to become pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Pa.; the latter goes to Vincennes, Ind.

Yesterday (Friday), Henry Brown, colored, suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of a Mr. Pfarr. His crime is supposed to have been greatly aggravated by the violence he practiced upon the wife of his deceased victim, but this he denied, to the very last moment. Many persons think he ought not to have been hung, but crimes of this particular nature are so rare at this time that an example seemed to be demanded. R. S. S.

Rev. L. Hartsough, once regarded by the New York brethren as superannuated for life, has entered upon his second year of service as Presiding Elder of Sioux City District, N. W. Iowa Conference, with renewed health and zeal. During the former half of last year he preached an average of five sermons per week, and missed only about three quarterly meetings during the year, though his District embraces about nine counties—an area equal to some Conferences. As a deserved acknowledgment of his worth he was chosen the "reserve" delegate to General Conference, though a member of this new Conference but one year.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The discussion on the subject of ministerial support at the Nottingham meeting of the Midland Baptist Union, England, would seem to have been of an eminently practical character. Mr. Burton, a layman, declared that out of the income many of their ministers received it was simply impossible that they could make provision for their wives and families, either by frugality or by insurance. He suggested that the deacons of each Church should first ascertain whether their pastor was insured, and if not, that they should take out a policy for him, and charge the Church with it. He added the expression of his belief that they ought to establish an insurance society for the denomination. Mr. H. Ashwell, of Basford, another layman, contended that, while they as business men had the whole of their time for their pursuits, it was their bounden duty to devote a certain portion of their income to the adequate support of their pastors. He did not look upon it as a matter of charity. He spurned that idea. On the whole, the talk at Nottingham was eminently sound and practical, and such as can scarcely fail to lead to some wholesome result.—*Christian World.*

Mr. Henry Varley is in receipt of invitations from nearly every city and town in Great Britain, an evidence of the deep interest in religion in the country. He is very thankful for the check received in work and wages, for the working people cannot bear prosperity. The past five years have been a clear gain to drunkenness, lawlessness and crime. The present reaction, though a loss financially, is a great gain morally.

A writer in the *Episcopal Recorder* says that he can recall the names of Bishops of the Episcopal Church who came from Presbyterian families, one from the Congregationalists, another from the Unitarians, and another from the Society of Friends, most all of them epitomized with Ritalistic humbug. And then he queries whether the description given by the *Churchman* of the Reformed Episcopal Church, to wit, "a cave of Adullam for the uneasy," might not be more fully applied to the Church which the Reformed Episcopalians have abandoned!

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES. Nov. 2, 1875.
FLOUR—Superfine, \$4.00 @ 5.00; extra, \$3.50 @ 4.00; No. 1, \$3.00 @ 3.50; No. 2, \$2.50 @ 3.00; No. 3, \$2.00 @ 2.50; No. 4, \$1.50 @ 2.00; No. 5, \$1.00 @ 1.50; No. 6, \$0.50 @ 1.00; No. 7, \$0.25 @ 0.50; No. 8, \$0.10 @ 0.25; No. 9, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 10, \$0.02 @ 0.05.
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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1875.

The great meeting in Brooklyn continues to give evidence of increasing spiritual power. The curiosity which first crowded the immense spaces of the hall where the services conducted by the evangelists are held is giving place to better and higher emotions. All the adjoining churches are crowded with the overflowings from the main assembly, and many persons are earnestly entering upon a new life. What is better still, all over New York, and indeed all over the land, the revival spirit is manifesting itself. It is taking, in large places, the form of union services, and Christians are uniting, as never before, in common prayer and active Christian endeavors, for the spiritual well-being of their vicinities. In so hopeful an hour as this everything tends to distract the mind and drag it away from the great work of personal religion and the salvation of others should be avoided. Paul's motto may well become the sentiment of the hour for every Christian, "this one thing I do."

There is no occasion to be alarmed at the prospect of the institution among us of "machine revivals." The New England temper and habit of mind and life revolts from anything of the kind. There is no improper human agency displayed in gathering for common prayer, in listening to sincere, hearty and simple exhortations to immediate duty, whether it be to repent of sin, to be saved on the Lord Jesus Christ, or to consecrate the life unto God. Modes are not divine, although they may sometimes seem to be inspired of God for the hour. Human wisdom in awakening the attention of the community may be properly used. Why should the children of this world be wiser in their generation than the children of light? All real spiritual life is of God; but the fall from heaven when the altar is built up, when the wood is laid upon it, and when Elijah spreads his hands, and in impotent, persisting, trusting prayer, entreats the descent of the divine symbol. There will be no unwholesome reaction if an actual baptism of the Holy Spirit falls upon the worshippers in these extraordinary services.

Bishop Simpson gave a very satisfactory explanation, in his excellent discourse in Music Hall, to the late somewhat anomalous disposition of Plus IX, in behalf of the Turkish Sultan, in his effort to subdue the rebellion now existing in certain of his provinces which are at least nominally Christian. It seems that the Italian Bishops and priests, upon the triumph of Victor Emanuel over the Papal States, and the seizure of certain religious establishments by the government, withdrew all their funds from Italian investments, so as not to aid even indirectly, in their estimation, usurping king, and invested in Turkish bonds. They have therefore the liveliest interest in the preservation of the Ottoman throne, and the cessation of a war which increases the already unmanageable debt of Turkey. Hence the unbecomely interposition of the religious "head of the church" in support of a government that has always been a pronounced foe of Christianity. The latest news, however, shows that Turkey is already bankrupt, and can only keep up the appearance of paying her debts by funding one half at least of the annual interest, which will prove to be ultimately, doubtless, tantamount to repudiation.

The Bishops have been holding their sessions during the past week, in the room of the Wesleyan Association. Their discussions are conducted without the presence of reporters or even visitors. It is not exercising, however, an unusual Yankee trait to infer that these long sittings are largely devoted to the review of questions of ecclesiastical law, and the administration of discipline which have arisen in the interim of their meetings, during the sessions of Annual Conferences under their several presidencies. They also consider together the wants of the different fields, home and foreign, and the adaptation of various ministerial gifts to special positions of service. It has been an unexpected opportunity and an appreciated privilege to meet the whole board of our chief ministers. Our people have received very grateful impressions of their eminent fitness for their high functions, and of the providential guidance which has secured their elevation to the solemn and delicate office which they hold. They all seem to be in remarkable health. Bishop James was detained for a few days by the increased feebleness of his wife, but was in his chair on Friday—a marvel of vigor and of persistent faithfulness in unremitting labors, for one of his years and protracted services. Long may his presence be a benediction to the Church!

The State Committee of the Y. M. C. Association of Massachusetts have issued a beautifully printed circular to local associations and pastors throughout the State, proffering their services in holding religious meetings, where a union among Churches, an earnest desire to enter upon active religious work, and a wish for assistance from without, creates a reasonable presumption that such will be appreciated and attended with good results. They will doubtless receive many more responses, as heretofore, than they can meet. Bro. Littlefield is still employed as the missionary of the Association.

THE STATE ELECTION.

The election of last week, although it occasioned considerable discussion, awakened no enthusiasm. The two great parties which have long divided the State held no important national or moral interests in their keeping, at the late canvass. Both parties advocated an early resumption of specie payments, and a termination of the fatal policy of inflation. As to their personnel, there was little to choose between them; Massachusetts usually presents clean men, gentlemen with good records and of general culture, for the suffrages of her citizens. The only great moral question involved in the election was that growing out of the liquor traffic. The Democratic party has clearly defined its position on this question, placing itself in opposition to all the prohibitive measures which have been heretofore secured through the agency of the Republican party. This opposition, which has proved to be the most effective plank in its platform, has drawn to its aid the money, freely bestowed, of the most wealthy and unprincipled combination of the State; it has led away from its own ranks members of the Republican party who were not in sympathy with its moral ideas; and, finally, when it occurred that the candidate of the party once elected by a large majority to the second seat in the government of the State, a man of unquestioned ability, and a most loyal and efficient Republican, became the nominee for the highest office, simply because he represented also the sentiments of a great body of the best citizens of the State upon the liquor question, a sufficient number were found to be held so loosely by the party bonds that they readily passed over into the ranks of the opposition, and placed a Democratic Governor in the executive office.

When such an event occurs there is no longer a Republican party to be relied upon in the State. No man can safely prophesy its fate, even in the nearest future. A result that might be expected at once follows. By dint of extraordinary effort a Republican Governor has indeed been chosen, but the party, as can easily be seen, has no occasion for self-congratulation. Mr. Rice is elected upon a less vote by seven thousand than was thrown last year for Mr. Talbot, showing that, with all the extraordinary efforts of the canvass, this large body of citizens, unwilling to vote directly or indirectly against a party with which they have been accustomed to unite, remained away from the polls. In addition to this number, over nine thousand, while they desired the preservation of the party, expressed their dissatisfaction at its positive opposition to the prohibitory movement by placing a highly respectable temperance Republican at the head, and voting for all the remainder of the ticket. This large number, willing "to stand up and be counted," is the more remarkable and significant from the fact that many estimable men and ministers, holding the integrity of the party at this hour as so important, advised, in the public press, a sacrifice of principle to what was esteemed a vital political policy. Besides this, many of the well-known political leaders, like Mr. Wilson, and even Mr. Talbot himself, with others who had heretofore been pronounced prohibitory temperance men, entered heartily into the present canvass, and advocated the sinking of all other issues in the work of recovering, in the State, the Republican supremacy.

A very large body of such intelligent and honest men, holding to the same advanced views upon the temperance question, who voted with their traditional associates at the election, when they came to review the course of political events, and the consequence of hesitation in demanding a proper respect for the highest moral convictions of its members on the part of the Republican party, and when it comes to be more fully developed, as it will undoubtedly be during the year, that a system of licensing the liquor trade is not only immoral in itself, but ruinous in its results, and in all large cities inevitably issues in a free sale of alcoholic beverages, will be ready to combine in effective legislative measures with those whose sentiments and conscientious action in the late contest they cannot but respect. With all the prestige of the party nomination against them, and the unflinching efforts of liquor selling, about one half of the Senate elect is prohibitory in opinion, and the prevailing sentiment in the House is of the same character.

It is not for a moment to be imagined that these thousands of men who have been willing to stand up and be counted, at the sacrifice of much personal feeling, on account of a profound conviction of duty, can remain speechless or inactive in their circles of influence during the coming year. It is not simply an opinion, or a matter of party policy, or even a financial or national issue that urges them in the step they have taken; it is an honest and irresistible persuasion that the measures they advocate involve the highest interests of the State, and are vital to the well-being of the race. There are masses of men in all parties that are moved by the prevailing sentiment around them, and without question follow their leaders, but these sixteen thousand thoughtful temperance Protestants are not of this class. They form the heart and stamina of the party. They have voluntarily chosen to work with the Republican body, because it has represented worthy national and moral ideas. The party cannot afford to shake off such men. When such are these hesitations and retire, there are unmistakable symptoms of ultimate death to be seen. Such intimations preceded the funeral

of the old Whig party. It may sound very amusing, and seem very courageous, but it is simply the semi-jesting with inevitable fate, when a party finds comfort in such small wit as this: "The Prohibitionists, having had Republicanism baked out of them, will not be permitted to enter the nominating oven at Worcester again—not if the 'true blues' men know it." Possibly they "will not be persuaded to enter the baking oven," and possibly they may not desire to! But who will suffer for the lack of bread? A few such victories as the last, and the party is hopelessly destroyed.

It is the sad lesson we are always sure to learn, whenever we "put our trust in princes," that they will fail us, sooner or later. We cannot make reform instrumentalities to be dependent upon out of political parties, or reformers out of politicians. Ballots determine the usefulness of one and the faithfulness of the other. If the public sentiment is true and strong, the party managers will shrewdly avail themselves of its moral force, and politicians will be brave enough if the votes behind them are sufficiently pronounced. The great work of the true men in the temperance movement now is to secure a constant infusion of new ideas, to arouse the deepest convictions of the community, to obtain for the conservation and progress of the great reform, the hearty concurrence and the lively enthusiasm of the people. There are already appearing the significant signs of a powerful awakening on the temperance question throughout the State. The religious revival of the hour, thank God, creates an irresistible tide in the same direction. Temperance men have but to be true to themselves and their noble cause, to stand firmly in the hour of trial, and to press with their old fervor the unanswerable arguments upon which their reform is based, and the party that now spurns will be only too ready to invite them into its councils.

THE SORE SPOT OF ITALY.

The Italians have at least the courage to probe their wounds, to find if they can the seat of a disease which they know is eating at their vitals, and retarding them in their work of national regeneration. A few years ago they ordered a most complete enumeration of the nation, giving the classification by age, residence, civil condition and elementary instruction, of all classes, with the view most especially of finding out the sore spots of Italian national life. It seems as if the work has been most conscientiously performed, with no disposition to conceal or garble anything. And these figures, given by the frank hand of national patriotism, speak in emphatic and eloquent tones. They present in bold relief the incredible neglect and destitution in which the disconnected and antagonistic petty States of Italy left the matter of popular instruction.

A half century ago Italy was deeply affronted at being called "the land of the dead;" and it would now feel hurt at the appellation of "the land of the illiterates;" but this is, alas, too true. Census after census has proved that the greater portion of the nation, old and young, are entirely destitute of the simplest elements of education. To the credit of the State be it said that this evil is being remedied as fast as possible, though a good portion of the people seem to take no active interest in the matter, and many absolutely oppose it. And it is quite interesting to trace the waves of ignorance according to sections. The great seat of it is found in Southern Italy. In nearly all of ancient Piedmont and Lombardy about half the population is illiterate, that is, not able to read and write, counting from the age of ten years. In Central Italy, and rich and fertile Tuscany, about eighty per cent. are illiterate; and in the Province of the two Sicilies the number runs up to ninety and ninety-three per cent. In one district of inner Sicily only sixty-five persons in a thousand can read and write. It will be noticed that, as a general rule, the nearer Rome, the greater the amount of ignorance.

With these figures before our eyes, we can comprehend why even Cavour, in the year 1860, hesitated to undertake the annexation of these southern provinces, and was only brought to the work by the logic of events, which worked more rapidly than his own plans. One can easily understand why for years all patriots regarded the incorporation of these as a task too great for the new nation, if, indeed, not too dangerous. How could they introduce into such a mass of ignorance such innovations as the right of suffrage and trial by jury, and all the organizations of the modern liberal State governed in part by the people? And then we need to add to this the fact that the clergy had been hitherto for a perfect incubus on the population, and were openly opposed to the measure which was so distasteful to the high priest in Rome. And these fears were justified by the outbreak of an extensive system of brigandage in these provinces, shortly after the great revolution of 1860, showing that the moment the despotic hand was removed a great portion of the population became lawless.

Among the measures recently introduced to reduce this ignorance in all Italy is that of caring for the military recruits. When the young soldiers are brought into the garrison from the outlying provinces it is sad to hear the reply, in sixty-six cases out of a hundred, that they can neither read nor write. These are of course just that portion of the population whose opportunities would be best, on the whole, for gaining elementary instruction, as

the males of an Italian community have far more advantages in this line than the females. The first thing demanded of ignorant recruits is that they shall take a course of training in elementary studies, as regularly as their drill; and their time of service is even in some instances reduced in view of laudable progress in this respect. In this way the per centum has been reduced, according to tabulated statistics, from seventy-six illiterates in a hundred, a few years ago, first to forty-six, and then recently to seven per cent. at the last dismissal of troops who had served their time. Thus it would seem that the Italians are making their army the greatest and most effective elementary school in the country.

It is quite clear that the most difficult task before the Italian government is to heal these festering wounds of ignorance, not only on the main land, but also in the islands; for Sardinia is as badly off almost as the provinces of Sicily. And they have no creative power that will now save simply let there be light in the darkness—nothing but long and patient labor on the part of the Italians themselves and the friends of Italy. And it is gratifying to know that the Italians are waking up to their great national necessity. They are adopting all the best appliances of modern instruction where they can find them, and they are welcoming with open arms benevolent strangers who are willing to show them the way to this light. The hierarchy are of course opposed to all this, and throw every possible obstacle in the way of any schools that are not under their control, and especially those that seem in any way organized under Protestant auspices. But these false teachers of the people are now being confronted by their own accusers, in the mass of ignorance that their system has cast over the land, and the people themselves are turning from them to better guides.

THE REVIVAL WE NEED.

A late number of the *Independent* gave a good article from Dr. Cuyler on "The Revival We Need." That we need "revivals," we suppose few evangelical Christians doubt; but that we have attained yet their best methods may well be doubted. Doubtless a sustained, continuous work of grace, without intermissions or spasmodic outbreaks, would be desirable and more healthful, morally and otherwise; but we must take human nature as we find it. The political world, and to some extent the social world, is moved by intermittent impulses, and we hear little or no objection to this fact among the critics who condemn religious excitements. Human nature may, some time or other, reach a stage of improvement in which the progressive development of its great interests, political, social and religious, may take on the character of a normal and steady growth; but obviously we have not yet approximated that stage, especially in the moral world. The consecration of secular life by Christianity is not yet sufficiently general and thorough to neutralize its tendency to impair religious life. The Church therefore needs frequently renewed impulses, or it may lose its spiritual vitality. Nations need the recurrence of periods of religious agitation, to keep their moral atmosphere pure. This is history. But let us beware how we say this is the method of the divine Spirit. The latter accommodates itself to the necessity of the former, but the former may be founded only in the infirmities of human nature, or the times; and these infirmities may be outgrown in the course of general Christian culture. Happy the community which needs no "revival" for the continuity of its religious life! Happy the individual pastor who saving work goes on steadily and profoundly without the contrasts of intervals of deadness and agitation! Yet where do you find them?

But, to return to Dr. Cuyler, he says of the "revival we need," "it is certain that one thing which sensible men ought not to strive after is a mere outbreak of spasmodic excitement, kindled by artificial methods." "The revival we need is not only a revival of sounder Scriptural preaching, but a revival of true Christian living. We have had quite a surfeit of the religion which luxuriates in the devout fervors of the prayer-meeting and the camp-ground, which sings sweet hymns and applauds sweet sermons, and then goes straightway off to its money-grasping, and its pleasure seeking, and its pandering to self and sin." "The revival which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth, and sticks to its promises; which pays twenty shillings to the pound; which cares more for a good character than for a fine coat; which votes at the ballot-box in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press, and purify our politics, and cleanse our business and commerce from roguery and rottenness would be a boon from Heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge, but a Bible conscience to all is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want to-day is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is—more sermons in shoes."

Now there will be a universal, spontaneous concurrence in these utterances; but precisely here is the danger of their failure to have effect. They will be readily admitted to be true, but as readily dismissed, as common-place truisms. All revivals, it will be said, presuppose what the writer so smartly tells us. They do indeed, tacitly, but do they with sufficient explicitness and emphasis? Is it not a fact that the American Churches have become so habituated to dependence on revivals, and that revivals themselves are so unwisely conducted that in the intervals of such seasons of excitement our religious life too readily yields to relaxations, looking forward to the next revival for all necessary reparation? And may we not find in this fact the explanation of that frightful failure of a certain class of morals which characterizes us as a nation, and which is dragging down to infamy even what were once the better sort of citizens—our public functionaries, financiers and mercantile men? Is it not an astounding fact that this land, which has been more subject to revivals than any other on earth, and which is full of religious zeal, is the most thoroughly pervaded with official and financial corruption of any in the civilized world? Why is it that the very foundations of business morality and honor seem to be sliding away from beneath our whole political and social structure? Do not let us flinch the stern fact. Let us look it directly in the face, for fact is, and a ruinous fact it will be, unless we discover its true cause, and energetically go to work to correct it. Let us beware, however, not to disparage the real work of religion among us. This will be our danger in our present alarming circumstances. A genuine revival of religion is the only means of our salvation in these circumstances, but it must be such as Dr. Cuyler describes. It must be not "merely an outbreak of spasmodic excitement, kindled by artificial methods." It must be what our fathers used to call a revival, a "reformation." It must, in other words, be directly addressed to the moral wants of the country. It must be aimed at and conducted for the reformation of the great sins of the times.

Our evangelists should study better the rationale of religious influence and reforms, for that is the legitimate rationale of a genuine revival. A certain writer, discussing this point some twenty-five years since, said that the true theory of moral reforms is, first, general religious enlightenment, and the consequent creation of public opinion; but, secondly, the specific direction of moral power, through this public opinion, to particular reforms. We contended, and showed clearly from historical examples, that both these conditions are reciprocally necessary. You must have a certain amount of right public moral sense before you can effect given moral reforms. Your laws for the latter will fail without the former. But you may have a general public enlightenment, and yet, without specific direction of public opinion, you may be perishing under monstrous evils. Our own history is full of examples. Our ancestors were well enlightened in Christianity, and yet we were becoming, as it has been said, a "nation of drunkards" till some few Christian men banded together for the purpose of giving a specific direction of the moral power of the country against intemperance. The enormous slave-trade was carried on by English and American Christian merchants for years, with hardly a demur, till Clarkson and Wilberforce began a direct war of agitation against it. So was it with our domestic slavery; so is it now with the questions of war and arbitration.

This, in fine, is the true rationale, the *modus operandi* of moral reforms. Now then, what is the revival we need? It is, as Dr. Cuyler has indicated, rather than defined, a revival which shall be specifically directed to the restoration of Christian morals, throughout the land—not a mere religious excitement, but a religious reformation. All its preaching should bear on the fact that we have fallen, nationally as well as individually, into fearful depravity—that imminent ruin hangs over us all—that only repentance and reformation can avert that ruin—and that, whatever spasmodic excitement may thrill the Churches for a few months, the necessary proof of its genuineness must be the correction of our public morals. Give the signal for it, then; put out the banner, and sound the trumpets for a national "revival," that there be a national "reformation."

Editorial Paragraphs.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, Bishop Simpson, as heretofore announced, preached the fourth sermon in the Music Hall course, before an audience of about two thousand people. He was assisted in the devotional exercises by Bishops Foster, Harris, Bowman and Scott. The Bishop chose for his text Isa. xxi. 11, 12, "he calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night?" etc. His introduction, growing out of the words and symbolism of the text, was an animated illustration of the fact that Christianity courts the closest and nearest investigation, and neither fears nor dreads the results of the most searching inquiries. By natural steps he led his hearers, having gained their willing and earnest attention, to the development of his subject, which was the present outlook of Christianity. He rapidly glanced at the marked contrast in character and results between the truth as revealed by Jesus Christ and Paganism and Mohammedanism. They both failed to elevate man, while Christianity became the inspiration of the world, and its disciples reached the highest form of civilization, and grew in wealth and strength as these human systems sank back into ruin. No nation had ever been established upon infidelity as a basis, and wherever unbelief has enjoyed a temporary success, disorder, degradation, and ultimate defeat had been the result. Wealth, and power and population move toward truly Christian countries. The purer form of religion, the Protestant and evangelical, had always ultimately triumphed over its worldly and demoralized counterpart, although the latter had been supported by the wealth and power of kings. No Protestant realm ever went back to Catholicism, but several Catholic nations had become Protestant. The four strongest nations of the earth are now anti-Catholic—England, Russia, Germany and the United States. Only in Protestant countries is there growth and progress. Romanism is losing position and power in Europe, and, with all the boasting of her priests and press, is not increasing in this country as rapidly as its own simple emigration from Europe would justify. The effort on its part to restrain free thought, a free Bible and free schools is a significant expression of conscious weakness. Jesus will ultimately triumph, the world over. A dying girl was seen by her friends struggling to speak. They attempted to anticipate her unexpressed wish by suggesting a number of possible desires. She shook her head, and gasped for utterance. Finally she succeeded in articulating, with her expiring strength,

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The audience were only sorry when this instructive sermon ended. The Bishop appeared in good health, but did not exhibit the physical vigor or the overwhelming persuasive and pathetic powers that many in his audience had witnessed on other occasions. It was a sermon for the times, full of important and encouraging thoughts, and will make, when printed, a valuable tract for circulation and for reference. Many of the points in it were admirably made, and will remain permanently fastened in the memories of the hearers. They will be inclined both to be more charitable towards Romanists, not less careful to watch their characteristic plottings against liberty of thought and free schools, but much less disposed to fear "any large increase of numbers or social power, as compared with other religious sects in our country."

There are years which yield peculiar harvests. The same soil, the same seed, the same human labor secure extraordinary returns. It is a sovereign and gracious providence of God. It cannot be foretold or brought about by human agencies. The ordinary forces of nature are always in operation, and their agency can always be availed of when we meet these divinely established conditions; but God sends these years of plenty when He will, and happy are they that sow broadly in these abundant seasons. It is thus in the moral and spiritual world. The regular, divinely appointed agencies are always working, and are never idle or uncertain. They always complement each other, and their agency can always be availed of when we meet these divinely established conditions; but God sends these years of plenty when He will, and happy are they that sow broadly in these abundant seasons. It is thus in the moral and spiritual world. 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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, November 21.

JESUS THE KING.

Lesson VIII. John, xviii, 33-38.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

Leader. 33 Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto Him, Art Thou the King of the Jews?

School. 34 Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell thee of me?

L. 35 Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me. What hast Thou done?

S. 36 Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world; if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is My kingdom not from hence.

L. 37 Pilate therefore said unto Him, Art Thou a king, then?

S. Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.

L. 38 Pilate saith unto Him, What is truth?

S. And when he had said this he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in Him no fault at all.

Connection. The omitted verses between this lesson and the last, as we rapidly trace them, take us through the dark night of Christ's betrayal to the early hour of Friday morning, when Pilate's part is acted in that great tragedy of Jerusalem. Immediately after offering His high-priestly prayer Jesus entered Gethsemane, a garden about half a mile from the city walls, between the brook Kedron and the foot of the Mount of Olives. As Jesus enters this orchard of olive trees he leaves eight of His disciples to sleep upon the ground, and goes on further into the garden, with John, James and Peter, to pray. But His agony of soul, which he comes too late for witnesses, demands solitude. He must take the choice of suffering in His loneliness, and, therefore, bids these three favored disciples "stay here and keep watch."

Alone, in the deep shadows of that garden of sorrow, lying prostrate upon His face, He prays. And His prayers are wrought from His soul in groans, and tears, and drops of bloody sweat. Three times He prayed alone, after each prayer returning to the three sleepers, who could scarcely be roused by the pathetic voice of their agonizing Lord from their strange slumber.

The third time He returned, no more to beg for their poor human sympathy, which had been withheld by their dull sleep, but to say, in the spirit of the serene triumph He had gained by His petitions, "sleep on! It is enough. The hour is come." Judas advances with his soldiers, and gives Jesus the traitor kiss which signals the armed band to the arrest. Fear took hold of those mercenary Jews, as they approached their innocent Victim, and some fell to the ground before the glory of Christ's person, as the "savage and brutal Gauls could not lift their swords to strike the majestic senators of Rome." Peter was fired by his impetuous act of resistance as he saw his Master taken captive. Christ rebukes him for his smiting of Malchus, and passes on from the garden to the palace of the high priest, a weary, unresisting prisoner, "and the disciples, all of them, forsook Him and fled."

Farrar aptly quotes these lines from Browning:—

For aye the Christ thou sawest transfigured? Him Who trod the sea, and brought the dead to life? What should bring this from thee? Ye laugh, and ask, What wondrous work? Even a torchlight and a nail.

The saddest Roman faces, violent hands, And fear of what the Jews might do! Just that.

And it is written, "I forsook and fled;" There was my trial, and it ended thus."

The trials. There were three successive trials of our Lord by the Jews—the first by Annas, the second by Caiaphas, and the third by the entire Sanhedrim; and finally, the triple trial before Pilate.

St. John recounts the first of the Jewish trials. Annas was not, in fact, the high priest at this time, having been deposed by the Roman procurator, but probably acted as a deputy or substitute. For nearly fifty years he had been practically, the head of the priestly power, having been succeeded by five sons and a son-in-law, after his deposition; and, owing to his age and political position and power, Jesus was brought before him first, from whom His accusers knew they would get a *præjudicium* in their favor. Jesus was questioned, before this tribunal, of His doctrine, and in answer appealed to His public teaching and to those who had heard Him. He was smitten upon the cheek by the violent officer, bound, and sent to Caiaphas.

The second trial is noticed by two of the Evangelists (Matt. xxvii, 57-68; Mark xiv, 55-65). Caiaphas the high priest, also a Sadducee, conducted it. No witnesses appeared to bear testimony against Jesus. "Many bare false witness," but it was so flagrantly false, so utterly contradictory, that even the unscrupulous judges could make nothing of it, until two of these agreed in charging Him with saying something of destroying the Temple and rebuilding it in three days, to which Jesus "answered nothing." The enraged hierarch then stormed at his innocent prisoner, and adjured Him to answer if He was the Christ, the Son of God; and Jesus calmly confessed the fact, which He had never concealed, that He was the divine Messiah; "I am." Then the judgment cry of the Sanhedrim was, "blasphemy!" His face was covered, they spit upon Him, and smote Him with the palms of their hands.

Between the second and third trials Peter denied his Master. Jesus was taken to the guard-room to await the dawn of day, "for only by daylight, in the hall of judgment, and by a full session of the Sanhedrim, could He be legally condemned." Priests, Elders, Scribes and Sadducees (it is somewhat strange that the Pharisees kept aloof)

were now gathered, to plan for His destruction. All they could do, as they united their wicked counsels against the Son of Man, was to get from His lips a second confession that He was the Christ. Again He receives their worst insults, and is taken to the procurator, under whom alone He could be condemned to death. He "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The fanatical train of hypocrites, composed of members of the high council, claiming the credit of a gigantic procession of zealots as it advanced with its sacrifice to the residence of Pilate, shows to the Jewish people, in that fatal hour, in which it consummated the great treason against its Messiah (Lange).

Our lesson finds Jesus in the first part of His trial before Pilate.

Pilate—the sixth Roman procurator of Judea, under the reign of Tiberius. He held office ten years, to A. D. 25. He was an unscrupulous ruler. Josephus records instances of his contempt for the Jews, and an atrocity of his is referred to by Luke (xiii, 1). For tyrannical conduct towards the Samaritans he was called to account by the Emperor, and deposed. He was probably banished by Caligula to a city of Gaul, and, according to Eusebius, took his own life.

He was a thorough and complete type of the later man of the world. Stern but not relentless, shrewd and world-worn, prompt and practical, haughtily just and yet self-seeking and cowardly, able to perceive what was right but without moral strength to carry it out, Pilate stands forth a terrible instance of a man whom the fear of endangering self-interest drove, not only to act against the deliberate convictions of his heart and conscience, but, further, to commit an act of the utmost cruelty and injustice, even after those convictions had been deepened by warnings, and strengthened by premonitions (Bp. Elliott).

Entered into the judgment hall again—into the residence (*prætorium*) occupied by Pilate when he visited Jerusalem. His home was in Caesarea. Pilate had tried to put away the case. He had met the Sanhedrim outside of the palace, and found that they had brought Jesus to him as a malefactor, and yet without any formal accusation upon which he could proceed, and had said, "take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law." They answer, revealing their awful purpose in the reply, "it is not lawful for us to put any man to death." So Pilate, unable in his flimsy character to withstand their savage persistence, goes into the hall.

Called Jesus. The Jews could not, according to their law, enter the *prætorium*, for fear of defilement, "for the entrance of a Jew into the house of a Gentile made him unclean till evening." Pilate heeds this Jewish custom, and summons Jesus to a private examination.

Art Thou the king of the Jews? A meek, insulted prisoner stood before the haughty Roman, who asks, with a flavor of sarcasm in the question, "art Thou, really, the king of this people? Thou art accused by them of claiming for Thyself royalty; dost Thou now, at this bar, still call Thyself king?"

Sayest thou this thing of thyself? Jesus wishes to sound the meaning of Pilate's question. There was a double meaning to this title of king—political, as Pilate would ask it of himself; spiritual, as Jesus accepted it. Jesus might have said, "hast thou heard of any desire on my part to usurp political authority, or art Thou only reiterating the charge of My accusers?"

Am I a Jew? There is a bitter sarcasm in this question, which only a proud Roman could put into it. Horace, Juvenal, Tacitus and Pliny, in their writings, sneer at the Jews. The Romans felt an undisguised contempt for this subject province.

Thine own nation and the chief priests, etc. Pilate attempts to stand above the case, in supreme indifference. "Thou art brought to me by Jewish leaders; the foremost men of your nation are your accusers. Is not this enough? I know nothing about the matter."

What hast Thou done? "They, however, bring no definite charge. Now confess to me your crime. Let me have your own account, that I may have something upon which to base a judgment."

My kingdom is not of this world. In this answer Jesus again implicitly acknowledges His kingship. But His dominion was not to rival that of the Caesars. He takes away all possibility of Pilate's looking upon Him as a political competitor.

I am indeed a King, but not such a king as thou suspected, but one far more glorious (Chrysostom). The kingdom of Christ is not worldly, but the kingdom of the world become Christy (Bengel). Christ's kingdom twines its blessings around all kingdoms, and is the great power that, in all the emigrations of nations, in great wars and the reign of empires, is active in advancing the eternal kingdom of peace (Braune).

Then would My servants fight. "If I were an earthly king, seeking earthly power, I would not be here, an unresisting prisoner. I would have a retinue, fighters to protect my life and to resist these attacks." Jesus renounced all force in establishing His kingdom. Only a few hours before He had commanded Peter to put up his hastily drawn sword.

Art Thou then a king?—"dost Thou really confess that Thou art a king, in any sense?" Pilate presses his question, making it more general than at first—a king.

To this end was I born, etc. "The Word made flesh; My life as the child of Bethlehem, the Man of Nazareth, has been lived for this royal end." He was born a prince. "His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." Is. ix, 6.

That I should bear witness to the truth. Christ was the great Revealer of truth. His work rested on the truth. He witnessed unto the truth by living it,

preaching it, and impressing it upon men by His personal power. As a pure diamond witnesses to the light, by containing and transmitting it, Jesus held and radiated the truth—the royal truth of redemption.

The king is the representative of truth (Alford).

Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice. All who are seekers after the truth follow Me. Jesus gives Pilate an idea of His kingdom. His subjects are not soldiers, or political officers, or men who bear any outward insignia of rank, but listeners, followers, those who partake of His spirit.

Theophylact suggests that this is an appeal to Pilate's conscience. "If you are a real seeker after truth you will listen to Me."

What is truth?—an impatient question, not a sincere inquiry. Pilate lived in a time of philosophical controversy, and had grown sick of it. There were so many disputes as to what was the truth, that he was tired of asking. Who is right?

It (this question) expresses with irony a conviction that truth can never be found; and is an apt representative of the state of the polite Gentile mind at the time of the Lord's coming (Alford).

I find in Him no fault at all. The total result of this examination by Pilate was his taking Jesus to be a good natured but guiltless, perhaps rather drowsome fanatic (Schaff).

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, November 21.

1 Mention some of the principal events recorded between this lesson and the last.

2 What trials did Jesus pass at the hands of the Jews?

3 Who was Pilate, and what were his characteristics?

4 What was the charge brought against Jesus by the Sanhedrim?

5 Does the kingdom of Christ need the secular arm to defend it?

6 In what sense did Jesus confess His royalty before Pilate?

7 Why did not the decision of Pilate (v. 38) save Jesus from death?

The Family.

PRIZE HYMN.

[The story of this hymn is interesting.

About seven hundred hymns and poems were submitted to a committee appointed by the editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, and they were to select the hymn best adapted to the Home Missionary work, and to give the writer of it \$100. To the writer of the best poem for the same purpose they were to give \$50. They failed to select a poem, but unanimously agreed upon the hymn below, as the best, on the whole, for the object proposed. But the writer of it required, as a condition of accepting the award, that his name should not be given to the public, but that the hymn, if published, should be announced as by a "lady of Virginia." The hymn has been accepted, and we have great pleasure in giving it to our readers:—*Observer*.]

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY "A LADY OF VIRGINIA."

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Lo! the harvest of the Word.

Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord.

Feebly now they toil in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around;
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
While their echoing cries resound,

"Pray that reapers
To God's harvest may abound."

Now, oh Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land—

Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

Ocean callets unto ocean,
Spirits speed from shore to shore,
Heralding the world's commotion;
Hear the conflict at our door—

Mighty conflict,
Satan's death-cry on our shore!

Broad the shadow of our nation;
Eager millions hither run;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the respite time will come,
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal "Harvest Home!"

Saints and angels,
Shout the world's great "Harvest Home!"

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

Somewhat back from the traveled highway, on an eminence that reminds one of the metaphorical "Lion's Hill," stands this old stronghold of Methodism, a ghastly reminder of its departed glory.

In the far-off years, when our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were bearing the heat and burden of the day, this house was erected for the worship of the pilgrims' God; and, in accordance with the spirit of the times which marked out the roads over the tops of the higher hills, and located the dwellings in the most airy places, it was reared on the brow of a commanding eminence, where it stood like a sentinel to point the way to a higher life. But, by-and-by, these highways fell into disfavor, people weary of climbing a hill whenever they went to church, even for the possible advantage of rising above their common lives; and the old house was forsaken for its modest offspring, down in the valley at its feet. It was well, per-

haps, for as often as we look at the grim old meeting-house we think how sadly out of place it would be now; but we think other thoughts, too, mourning for the good old times when it was the crowning glory of all the region.

Unity was the head-quarters of one of those old-fashioned Circuits which the pioneers of Methodism remember so perfectly; and well worthy of the distinction did the prove, honoring herself by her zeal and enthusiasm, sending out a gladly company of her stalwart sons to fill the itinerant ranks—men whose names are an honor to Methodism. Staiding under the shelter of its weather-beaten roof that afternoon, we thought of the days when all this was in its prime, when the people from far and near, hungering for the bread of life, came flocking to this fold, and were fed.

Wafted backward by the spell, we sat with the august assembly of ministers who gathered here, to hold their Annual Conference session sixty years ago. In 1815 New England had not been divided into as many sections as now, and "going to Conference" was a greater event then; for, from the east and west, the north and the south, scores of miles, came those old-time servants of God to their yearly feast, travel-worn and battle-stained. A sturdy set of moral husbandmen were they. I seem to see them now, fresh from their wild fields of labor, as they sat down here together in warm brotherly love, inspiring and strengthening each other. The good farmers for miles around offered them cordial entertainment; and accustomed as they were to long roads and homely fare, it was no hardship to them that they must seek their lodgings far out on the hills. Our maternal grandfather was a pillar in that early Church, and four of those men of God were entertained at his long, generous table, going three miles or more each night and morning. Ah, those were days of willing sacrifice and earnest zeal. Do we, in these later times, still breathe the same spirit of devotion, I wonder? Or is this old Church rather the monument of a glory that has departed?

Of the three wide outer doors only one offers us entrance now, and this one is in no respect after the similitude of a church door; for so far below its former estate has the old house fallen that a neighboring farmer gathers his sheep under its consecrated roof, and what was once the house of God is, strangely enough, nothing but a barn to-day. I should not say "outer" doors, perhaps, since they were the inner doors as well; for no vestibule offered to the worshippers of that time the opportunity to straighten their bows and adjust their ruffles; perhaps they needed no such opportunity.

Facing the grand entrance, where folding doors swung back each way, as if to bid the people an abundant admittance, stood the high, old-fashioned pulpit—a sentry-box between heaven and earth. Some ruthless hand has torn it away. How fervently have we wished it had been spared, that then, under the massive sounding board that brooded over it, like a great solid umbrella, suspended by a huge iron stem. No wonder the children of those days, taught by their superiors that if the man who stood under it should ever dare to utter a falsehood it would surely descend in judgment upon his luckless head—no wonder they were spell-bound at first sight of it; no wonder they were awed at the thought of the giving away of that wondrous pedicel.

High up on the three remaining sides ran the wide gallery, with its rows of pews on either side, and its singers' seats in front. Here sat the "tithing-man," with his awe inspiring wand—real or imaginary—ready to expose or correct the misdemeanors of any restless worshiper, or to frighten into sobriety any inebriated urchin. No doubt he was fully impressed with the responsibility and dignity of his office. Oh, such singing, such roaring and screeching, as swelled out from the skylight of a gallery when the performers pitched and tumbled through those old foggy tunes, chasing each other like frightened runaways! Who shall say, after all, that there was not fully as much devotion in that primitive singing as in our modern choirs, made up of hired musicians with their paraphernalia of piped and stringed instruments.

Square pews, with seats running on each side, save where a door gave entrance to the occupants, filled up the body of the church. How awkward these straight-sided, box-like pews would seem to us now, and how uncomfortable they would be, too! But our grandmothers were happily less sensitive to discomforts than their children, and just such roomy accommodations must have been a necessity when the members of a family were numbered by the dozen.

No third or fourth rate house was this church in its day, but a stylish and imposing edifice, furnished, after the grandest mould of its time, with cunning workmanship and of enduring substance, stern in its outline, like the vigorous character of its builders, yet combining symmetry and grace in every detail. Looking mournfully at its weather-beaten sides to-day, it is fitting that we exclaim, "how art thou fallen!" Here and there are streaks of paint remaining still, dim and dingy, yet an assurance of its former glory; but within, the old church is but a spectre of its early self. The plastered walls, singularly enough, are spotless still; the old gallery winds round on its sides, as of yore, but the long flight

of stairs leading up into it is rickety; the pulpit is gone, save the high platform where it stood; the pews are all wrested from their positions; the few remaining windows are murky and cobwebbed; the belfry has been taken away; the place is sacked and desolated. A pile of hay against one side; a few scattered sheep-racks, waiting to do the work assigned them; an old sled housed away from the summer rains; and, as if keeping guard over them all, the effigy of an old man standing in one corner, grim and uncouth and hateful to look upon, just as he was taken from his post in a neighboring corn-field when summer was over. These tell the present use of the old sanctuary, enforcing the lament, "alas, how art thou fallen!"

Ministers and people were long ago scattered far and near. Many have gone to their long home, while others are still waiting till "the shadows are a little longer grown;" and, upon the gray front of the old house we read the sad epitaph, "passed away."

Lingered tearfully in its shadows, contrasting the pride of its noon-day glory with the dishonor of its eventide, we read a lesson of the futility of all earthly good and earthly honor, a lesson which points our hopes and aspirations upward, to the home whose mansions are eternal.

Unity, M. H.

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

There was quite an agreeable surprise given to Rev. N. D. George and wife at Oakdale, on the evening of Oct. 18, it being the forty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The friends managed to get Brother George out of the way for a couple of days, and during this time his daughters procured, made, and put down a beautiful carpet in the parlor, removed the old wooden fire-place, substituting therefore one of marble, and renovated the whole house throughout. When Brother G. returned, if he did not "hear music and dancing," he was decidedly surprised to see all of his daughters together in the sitting-room, and this was heightened upon proceeding to the parlor and finding it literally filled with his friends. The surprises following upon this were so many that his usual ready wit deserted him, leaving him the surprised victim of the many generous gifts that were marshaled in array before him.

During the presentation the Oakdale Band struck up "with a flourish of trumpets" that took all by surprise, and carried the enthusiasm to a loud shout that would have delighted an old fashioned Methodist. The gifts presented to Brother and Sister George were of a useful character, which rendered them the more valuable—not to mention a generous roll of green-backs, some of which were sent from the friends of former Charges, enclosed in friendly epistles, which were read during the evening, containing very flattering commendations of appreciation, of love, and of the kindest regards of the donors. Soon after partaking of refreshments the company separated, feeling that the best desired and most successfully executed surprise had been carried out to the delight and satisfaction of all present. We would state that the success and pleasure of the occasion is largely due to Rev. F. T. George, G. B. Smith, and the daughters of Brother and Sister George.

We left the bridegroom and his bride as erect and happy as in the days of "aud lang syne," and when the next anniversary is celebrated "may we be there to see."

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

BY REV. F. T. GEORGE.

TUNE—*Said Lang Syne*.
Full five and forty fleeting years
Have rolled their waves along,
Which now with glad and grateful tears
We celebrate in song;
That pledge of love, that grasp of hands
Hath all these years defied;
And here in growing union stand
The bridegroom and his bride.

The raven locks are changed to gray,
The sight has feebler grown,
But, through the long and weary way,
The heart has held its own.
That bond of love—that pledge of old—
Which time cannot divide,
Hath kept, through changes manifold,
The bridegroom and the bride.

The little ones have come and gone,
The old have passed away,
But love immortal still lives on,
And blossoms 'mid decay.
That bond of youth—that pledge of old—
Which all the years defied,
Doth still with growing strength enfold
The bridegroom and the bride.

That early bridal, hush sweet
The memory of that bell
To those whose hearts the vows repeat,
Their lives have kept so well.
O, bond of youth! O, pledge of old!
O, marriage true and tried!
And we in heaven shall live,
The bridegroom and his bride.

We give you joy, dear precious friends,
The best that we can give;
And when this transient journey ends,
And we in heaven shall live,
Mid Jasper walls, and streets of gold,
And love befitting,
May we, assembled there, behold
The bridegroom and his bride!

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire boasts of eminent women and great men. Among the latter are Webster, Woodbury, Greeley, etc. We still have an abundance of material, fully up to the old time quality. We have no occasion to resort to shoddy. We will keep out our sign (the Old Man of the Mountain), firm in texture, lofty in stature, grand in proportions, and dignified in expression. The ancestral blood is preserved in

its integrity by our mountain sanitarium. We not only have granite and intellect, but we can quarry monuments out of each. We are very largely in the monumental-man-making business. We have large orders on hand from the south, west, and the rest of creation. We do not need to advertise our wares. Our samples, in every department of the world of mind, recommend us. Among the many establishments, doing extensive and thorough work, is the N. H. Conference Seminary and Female College. As the vacations are over, and the autumnal oxygen quickens the pulsations of physical life, our ambitious young people are casting about for the best opportunities of mental culture. Tilton, New Hampshire, is the place. We have not space to name all the reasons why you should come here.

You don't want to be off on some stage route, hemmed in by impassable drifts, where the telegraph and daily papers never come; but you want to be on the great Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad line, where we have several trains daily, and have telegraph express, and bank facilities. You do not want to be shut up in some antiquated, tumble-down building, with unattractive surroundings; but you want to come to our modern, ample and elegant buildings, high up on a grassy slope, looking down upon a cozy little village and then away beyond, to other slopes, and peaks, valleys and streams. You do not want to go to some foggy, miasmatic region, but you will rather come here where, even at this season of the year, invalids resort for health. You do not want to pay exorbitant prices for board, such as you would find away upon; you would prefer a cheap but abundant, neat, and healthful fare, such as some of the teachers themselves relish and subsist upon. You don't want to pay extravagant prices to a faculty that care for but little except to draw their pay; but you want to be taught by practical, thorough, whole-souled men and women who will give you a grand fit for college.

You will appreciate the Seminary reading-room, with its extensive list of papers; the Prescott cabinet, so replete with shells, minerals, fossils and geological specimens, and specimens to illustrate natural history. You will enjoy the literary societies, and the pure, moral atmosphere. The Churches will welcome you, and make you feel at home. Pack the trunks. Come in crowds. You will enjoy being here the Centenary year. In 1876 this school should be full. Do the parents see the point? Then mark the coming year by sending the children along.

Tilton.

J. W. ADAMS.

THE FUCHSIA.

Within the mountain lodge we sat
At night, and watched the slanted snow
Blown heading over hill and moor,
And heard, from dell and tarn below,
The loosened torrents thundering slow.

'T was such a night as draws the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky;
We could not see our favorite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly,
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their strong intrusion from the door;
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea and shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets lay—
Embalmed by processes of time—
A gift of mine, a fuchsia spray,
I gathered one glad holiday.

Then suddenly the chamber change!
And we forgot the snow and wind;
Once more we paced the garden path,
With even feet and even mind—
That red spray in your hair confided.

The clists trembled by the porch;
The shadow round the clist moved;
I knew this, though I marked them not,
For I had spoken unreprieved,
And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night,
May some pure flower of memory,
Held in the volume of the soul,
Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea,
As dear a peace to you and me.

Chambers's Journal.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

If we are justified and accepted, how are we to go on? It is a fundamental mistake to begin in the Spirit, and then go back to the flesh and to legality. When we are justified we afterwards go back to the flesh, and fail to get on; but when we get salvation from sin we find that we have growth in Christ only, and are shut up to a continuous act of faith; and before this we were too much accustomed to exercise faith as a definite act on particular occasions. We are changed by beholding His glory, into the same image.

Let us accept God's Word, and say "yes" to everything the Holy Spirit has written. When the Spirit says, "may the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," no matter how obnoxious the idea has been, stand still, and read, and hear no other word till you can say, "yes, Lord, Thou mayest sanctify me wholly;" and God will do it. And thus, step by step, as the Spirit speaks through the Word, say "yes" to God every time.

A pupil once asked his master, "what is it to die spiritually?" He told him to go to the graveyard, and stand beside the grave of a man, and tell him all the bad things he could think of. He came back and said, "it avails nothing, for he is dead." Well, then, go and say all the good things you can think of, and pile up all the actions of goodness the man has ever done. He came back and said, "it matters not what we say, for the man is dead." Well, doesn't death mean that? May God teach us what it is to die to sin and self, and everything opposed to God.

God says, "I will make a new covenant with you." As there are two parts to a covenant, let us ask ourselves, What is my part? God says, "I will put My laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts. I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people." Is it not our part voluntarily to accept this covenant, and believe, and trust God? There are some who are always consecrating, and never get consecrated. Stop that, and be consecrated; and trust God to give the power to keep the consecration which is implied in the baptismal vow, when we promise to be all the Lord's—renouncing the pomp and vanity of the world. Let us accept the covenant, and say, "here am I."

If God puts His laws in our minds we will not forget them; if He writes them in our hearts we will love them; and our affections will centre on them; and when we remember and love we will certainly execute them; doing will be easy.

